



Geor. Herbert.

THE LIFE

OF

GEORGE HERBERT

BY

GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK.

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NEW YORK:

General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union,
and Church Book Society,

762 BROADWAY.

1858.

*Deposited in Clerk's Office
So. Dist. New York
May 24. 1858.*

PR 3502

D8
1858

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858,
By the GENERAL PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,
AND CHURCH BOOK SOCIETY,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New York.

WILLIAM DENYSE,
STEREOTYPER AND ELECTROTYPYER,
183 William Street, N. Y.

PUDNEY & RUSSELL,
PRINTERS,
79 John-st., N. Y.

Handwritten notes at the bottom of the page, including "Entered in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court of the Southern District of New York" and "1858".

PUBLISHED

BY THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN

OF

ST. THOMAS' CHURCH,

NEW YORK.

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TO
THE VERY REVEREND
RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D.
DEAN OF WESTMINSTER,
LIKE GEORGE HERBERT A PRIEST AND POET
OF
"OUR MOTHER, THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,"
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.

P R E F A C E.

It has been the endeavor in the following pages to present the beautiful career of "holy Mr. Herbert," with a simplicity of style and fulness of detail which should in some degree meet the requirements both of youthful and mature readers.

The *Life* by Izaak Walton has furnished our chief authority. We have frequently quoted the words of this admirable writer, not only as better than any which we could ourselves offer, but from a desire to introduce a class of readers—many of whom, it is reasonable to suppose, will, in the following pages, make their first acquaintance with old English literature—to one of the purest and most delightful authors of our language.

Much information of an interesting and important character, respecting Mr. Herbert's ancestors and immediate family connections, has been derived from other sources. Foremost amongst these ranks the picturesque *Autobiography* of his eldest brother, Lord Herbert of

Cherbury. We are indebted for valuable details respecting the career of Nicholas Ferrar to the Life by Peckard, reprinted in Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography, and for information respecting Mr. Herbert's other friends to the notes in Prebendary Zouch's edition of Walton's Lives. We have also to record our obligations to the Lives of Sacred Poets, by the Rev. Robert Aris Willmott, to Sir Egerton Brydges' "Restituta," and the contemporary pages of "Notes and Queries."

NEW YORK, *April* 26, 1858.

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THE LIFE OF GEORGE HERBERT.

CHAPTER I.

THE HERBERT FAMILY—SIR RICHARD OF COLEBROOK—THE CAPTURE OF HARLECH CASTLE—A TRUE KNIGHT—THE SEVEN BROTHERS AND THEIR MOTHER—SIR RICHARD HERBERT THE SUPPRESSOR OF THIEVES, OUTLAWS, AND REBELS—EDWARD HERBERT—HIS CAPTURE OF AN OUTLAW—BLACK-HALL—SIR RICHARD HERBERT, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, AND MAGDALEN HIS WIFE—THE PARENTS OF GEORGE HERBERT.

GEORGE HERBERT, whose works and memory form one of the best possessions of our Church, was a member of a family which had held a high rank and eminent position for many generations in the history of their native England.

The first of his ancestors of whom we have

an account was his grandfather's grandfather, Sir Richard Herbert, of Colebrook. He was a very brave man in battle, the chief employment of those days. It is said of Sir Richard that he "twice passed through a great army of northern men alone, with his pole or battle-axe in his hand, and returned without any mortal hurt."

We have another story which illustrates the good knight's honorable regard for his promise. He was employed by King Edward the Fourth to besiege Harlech Castle, in Merionethshire, in Wales. The castle was held by a brave captain who had served for many years in France. It was his boast that he "had kept a castle in France so long that he made the old women in Wales talk of him, and that he would keep the castle so long that he would make the old women in France talk of him." He made good his word by an obstinate defence. The position of the castle was so strong as to render it

almost impossible to overcome its inmates, except by starvation. To induce a surrender Sir Richard promised to urge King Edward the Fourth to spare the captain's life, which had been forfeited by his rebellion. The knight soon after brought his prisoner before the king and represented the circumstances of the surrender. The king replied that he had given no authority to his officer to hold out any hopes of mercy, and that the latter having used his best exertions to save his foeman's life, had satisfied his pledged word. But Sir Richard would not be tempted from his obligation. "Grant me, I pray," he entreated his sovereign, "one of two things. Either place this brave man back in his castle and send some one else to subdue him, or else take my life in place of his whom I have promised to do my utmost to have spared." The king was so impressed by this honorable devotion that he granted the prisoner's life.

There is another example of Sir Richard's love of mercy. He had, with his brother, the Earl of Pembroke, captured, in the island of Anglesea, seven brothers, who had, in the simple but expressive words of the narrative, "done many mischiefs and murders." The Earl "thinking it fit to root out so wicked a progeny," ordered them all to be hanged. Their mother came to the captors and begged that two, or at least one, of her offspring might be spared to her, urging that the execution of the others would be a sufficient atonement to justice. Sir Richard seconded the mother's petition; but the Earl decided that all having been equally guilty, all should suffer the same penalty. His sentence, that they should all be executed together, so enraged their mother with grief that she knelt down and cursed the judge, praying that he might suffer defeat or mishap in the next battle in which he should be engaged. This incident was soon afterwards

followed by the encounter at Edgecote, in which both brothers were taken prisoners. Sir Richard, still magnanimous, entreated his captors to spare, not his own life, but his brother's. Both were afterward set at liberty.

The good knight's son, also named Richard, was steward, in the reign of King Henry the Eighth, of the lordships and marches of North Wales, East Wales, and Cardiganshire, a large and important district, throughout which he exercised sovereign power over the lives of offenders. It is recorded to his credit that though "a great suppressor of rebels, thieves, and outlaws, he was just and conscionable." He might have amassed great wealth by an unjust exercise of the powers of his office, but he wisely preferred to bequeath to his descendants the better heritage of a good name.

His son Edward, the grandfather of George Herbert, after running a successful career as a soldier, acquiring wealth as well as honor,

settled down in the family castle of Montgomery, in Wales. He was justice of the peace, and a great terror to the outlaws and thieves who infested the mountainous country in which he lived, frequently attacking and capturing them in their strongholds. The desperate nature of these miscreants may be inferred from an anecdote which we will give in the words of Edward Herbert's grandson, Lord Herbert of Cherbury :

“Some outlaws being lodged in an ale-house upon the hills of Llandinam, my grandfather and a few servants coming to apprehend them, the principal outlaw shot an arrow against my grandfather, which stuck in the pommel of his saddle, whereupon my grandfather coming up to him with his sword in his hand, and taking him prisoner, he showed him the said arrow, bidding him look what he had done, whereof the outlaw was no further sensible than to say he was sorry that he left his better bow at home, which

he conceived would have carried his shot to his body ; but the outlaw, being brought to justice, suffered for it."

The judge took great delight in the exercise of the virtue of hospitality, "having a very long table twice covered every meal with the best meats that could be gotten, and a very great family." His good cheer was so celebrated, that it was a favorite saying in the country around, when a fowl rose : "Fly where thou wilt, thou wilt light at Black-hall !"—Black-hall being the name of a residence, described as a "low building, but of great capacity," erected during the latter part of his life.

In the next generation we again meet the familiar family name of Richard in the person of the father of George Herbert. This gentleman was also a justice of the peace, and so resolute in the discharge of his duties that he was once severely wounded in an attempt to secure an offender who had defied the

ordinary process of law. He married Magdalen, daughter of Sir Richard and Margaret Newport, a lady also descended from an ancient family, and, as we shall see, well qualified to adorn the honorable position in which she was placed.

CHAPTER II.

MONTGOMERY CASTLE, ITS HISTORY—GEORGE HERBERT'S BIRTH—HIS BROTHERS, EDWARD, RICHARD, WILLIAM, CHARLES, HENRY, AND THOMAS—HIS SISTERS, ELIZABETH, MARGARET, AND FRANCES.

THE Herbert family had for many generations inhabited the castle of Montgomery, a noted stronghold, which was, even in their time, invested with the interest of antiquity. The oldest portion was erected by Baldwin, a companion of William the Conqueror. It was afterwards in the possession of Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, by whom it was greatly enlarged and strengthened. As it was on the border between England and Wales, it was a stronghold of great importance, especially during the contests between the British and the Sax-

ons. During the middle portion of the fourteenth century it became the property of the House of York, and subsequently, through that royal line, of the Crown, by whom it was granted, in the following century, to the Herbert family. At the outset of the civil war which raged for many years of the seventeenth century, it was garrisoned by the King's party, but soon surrendered to the Parliamentary forces, by whose order it was demolished. The picturesque remains of its round keep and outer walls still interest the traveller.

GEORGE HERBERT was born in the old castle whose varied fortunes we have just traced, on the third of April, 1593. He was probably named after an uncle George, of New College, Oxford, who, as Lord Herbert of Cherbury informs us, "was very learned, of a pious life, and died in a middle age of a dropsy." He was the fifth son of a family to which others were afterwards added, so

that his mother, to quote her favorite enumeration of her offspring, finally possessed "Job's number and Job's distribution"—seven sons and three daughters. They all grew up, under her religious care, to occupy stations of honor and usefulness. Edward, the eldest, early attached himself to the Court. He passed many years in foreign travel, and was for a long period the Ambassador of his country in France, where he made himself obnoxious to the party in power by his sympathy with the persecuted Protestants of that country. On his return he was made Baron of Cherbury, in Shropshire, by King James. He was the author of a book in the Latin language, on the Christian Religion, in which he compares the doctrines and duties of our blessed Faith with those of the idolatrous systems of antiquity. He also wrote a History of the Reign of King Henry the Eighth, and his Autobiography—an extremely candid and interesting record of

the varied incidents of his life. It was written after he had passed his sixtieth year. He died in 1648. His Autobiography, to which we have been indebted for the facts narrated in our first chapter, remained in manuscript until 1764, when it was printed, with a preface, by Horace Walpole, at his private press at Strawberry Hill. It was reprinted by Dodsley in 1770, and a third edition, edited by Sir Walter Scott, has since been published.

A volume of his poems appeared in 1665, after his death, with the title, "Occasional Verses of Edward Lord Herbert, Baron of Cherbury and Castle Island, deceased in August, 1648." We extract the best of the few specimens given of the collection in Sir Egerton Brydges' *Restituta*.*

TO THE C. OF D.†

Since in your face, as in a beauteous sphere,
Delight and state so sweetly mix'd appear,
That love's not light, nor gravity severe,

* Vol. II., p. 426. † Probably the Countess of Dorset.

All your attractive graces seem to draw,
A modest vigor keepeth so in aw,
That in their turns each of them gives the law.

Therefore, though chaste and vertuous desire
Through that your native mildness may aspire
Untill a just regard it doth acquire ;
Yet if love, thence, a forward hope project,
You can, by virtue of a sweet neglect,
Convert it straight to reverend respect.

Thus, as in your rare temper we may find
An excellence so perfect in each kind,
That a fair body hath a fairer mind ;
So all the beams you diversly do dart,
As well on th' understanding as the heart,
Of love and honour equal cause impart.

The brothers next in age, Richard and William, after receiving a liberal education, became soldiers. Richard engaged in the service of the United Provinces of Holland, and died while employed in the struggle for religious and civil liberty, which afterwards resulted in the emancipation of that country from the superstition and tyranny of Spain. His body, when carried to the grave at Bergen-op-Zoom, bore, it is said, the scars of four-

and-twenty wounds. William, like his brothers, maintained the warlike character of his house. He commenced service in Denmark, "where, fighting a single combat, and having his sword broken, he not only defended himself with that piece which remained, but, closing with his adversary, threw him down and so held him, until company came in." He next went to the Netherlands, where his career soon after closed.

Charles, the fourth brother, became a Fellow of New College, Oxford. A Fellow is one of a limited number of persons educated at an English college, who receive, as a reward for their application to study, and as an incentive to continue in the same useful pursuit, the free occupancy of apartments and a regular support from the institutions in which they have distinguished themselves. He did not long enjoy his honors and advantages, dying, at an early age, at his college, after having given bright promise of future

usefulness. George, the fifth son, will form the subject of our biography.

Henry, the sixth son, became Gentleman of the King's Privy Chamber, and Master of the Revels, or director of the amusements of the Court of King James, an office which he retained for fifty years. He married a wealthy lady and amassed a large estate.

The seventh and youngest son, Thomas, was born a few weeks after his father's death. He was page to Sir Edward Cecil, commander of the English forces in the German wars, and displayed great daring at the siege of Juliers, in the year 1610. On his return he was naturally attracted to the ocean as a field of adventure, and sailed for the East Indies under the command of Captain Joseph. On the voyage the captain, falling in with and engaging "a great Spanish ship," was killed in the encounter. This misfortune naturally disheartened his men, but, on being rallied by Thomas Herbert, they renewed

the fight with such energy and success, as to run aground and completely riddle their opponent. He remained a year in the Indies and then returned with the fleet to England. He next engaged under Sir Robert Mansell, in the fleet sent by King James against the Algerines. These piratical inhabitants of the south-western shores of the Mediterranean were then the terror of Europe, on account of their relentless attacks upon the shipping and coasts of that sea, and their practice of consigning all captives who were unable to pay a costly ransom, to a hopeless and cruel bondage.

Thomas Herbert, in the hearty words of Izaak Walton, "did show a fortunate and true English valor" in the punishment of these miscreants. The fleet being, on one occasion, in great want of money and provisions, the ships separated in the hope that they might thus fall in with and capture one or more of the enemy's vessels, and thus ex-

peditionously provide for the necessities of the whole. Thomas Herbert had the good fortune to realize these expectations by securing a prize which yielded supplies to the value of eighteen hundred pounds.

His last recorded exploit displays the kindness which is the almost constant accompaniment of true bravery. While conducting Count Mansfelt to Holland, the vessel in which they were embarked ran aground. It was not far from the shore. The Count with his train were placed in the long boat, Herbert refusing to accompany them, that he might remain to assist the master in his efforts to save the vessel. He was the last, with the exception of the captain, after the hopelessness of these exertions became apparent, to abandon the wreck. It must have been a dangerous service, as the captain, refusing to leave, was lost with the ship.

The eldest daughter, Elizabeth, seems to have shared the feeble constitution of her

brother George. "The latter end of her time," says Lord Herbert, "was the most sickly and miserable that hath been known in our times. For the space of about fourteen years she languished and pined away to skin and bones." She married "Sir Henry Jones, of Albemarle." Margaret, the next daughter, became the wife of a Welsh neighbor, John Vaughan, of Llwydiart. Frances, the youngest, married Sir John Brown, "Knight in Lincolnshire." These ladies all became exemplary matrons.

CHAPTER III.

THE MOTHER OF GEORGE HERBERT—HER MOTHER, MARGARET NEWPORT—DEATH OF GEORGE HERBERT'S FATHER—HIS EARLY EDUCATION—WESTMINSTER SCHOOL—HIS MASTER'S ANTICIPATIONS—CAMBRIDGE—HIS FIRST POEM—MRS. HERBERT'S INTIMACY WITH DR. DONNE—THE AUTUMNAL BEAUTY—HISTORY OF THEIR FRIENDSHIP—MRS. HERBERT'S RESIDENCE AT OXFORD—DONNE'S LINES TO EDWARD HERBERT—MRS. HERBERT'S CARE OF HER CHILDREN.

THE mother of the large and gifted family, whose varied and eventful fortunes we have briefly sketched, was one well fitted to bear the important duties of her position. She had herself enjoyed the advantages of careful maternal training, her mother, Lady Margaret Newport, who became a widow at an early age, devoting her entire attention to the care of her family and

to works of piety and benevolence. We read of her as "most assiduous and devout in her daily, both private and public, prayers," and that, in addition to a bountiful hospitality, "she used ever after dinner to distribute with her own hands to the poor, who resorted to her in great numbers, alms in money, to every one of them more or less, as she thought they needed it."

Mrs. Herbert, under somewhat similar circumstances, exhibited kindred maternal virtues. She furnishes one of the many examples among the mothers of great men, of the possession of the eminent virtues and talents which have won the admiration and affection of the world. Fortunately for our readers, she will often appear in these pages.

We now return to George Herbert. At the early age of four years he had the misfortune to lose his father, who had for some time suffered from a lingering, wasting disease. George received, under the super-

vision of his mother, the rudiments of education from a tutor who resided in the family. When he was twelve years old he entered Westminster School, a celebrated institution of learning connected with the world-renowned Abbey.

By the kind influence of Dr. Neale, Dean of Westminster, he was especially commended to the care of the head master, Mr. Ireland. He soon gained the respect and affection of this gentleman, and of the other teachers, as well as of his fellow-scholars, by his gentle and winning manners. He already began to do good in the world by helping others, and by the quiet influence of a good example. By applying himself earnestly to his studies his duty became his pleasure, and, strange as it may appear to lazy schoolboys, he learned to love Latin and Greek. At the age of fifteen he was elected, on account of his good scholarship, a student of Trinity College, Cambridge. He quitted West-

minster in company with John Hacket, afterward Bishop of Lichfield. Mr. Ireland, foreseeing the future eminence from the present promise of his two pupils, remarked to them at parting, "that he expected to have credit from them two at the University, or he would never hope for it afterwards while he lived."

Cambridge, like Oxford, derives its fame and importance almost entirely from the many institutions of learning gathered within its boundaries. The colleges stand for the most part side by side, facing a long and handsome street. Their walls do not touch, for each possesses grounds of beautifully verdant and closely shorn greensward, almost as soft to the foot as a bed of moss. Back of these flows the Cam, a placid stream of only a few yards in width. It is spanned by several fine bridges which afford ready access to beautiful lawns and gardens. As the entire space is devoted to pleasure

grounds, an uninterrupted view is afforded of the colleges, with their noble towers and pinnacles, the high-ridged roofs of their chapels and halls, the ivy-clad walls of their quadrangles (the large court around which rise the buildings for the residence and instruction of the students), and beautifully carved portals whose thresholds were even then worn by the footsteps of successive generations. The only interruption to the free range of the spectator's glance is an enhancement rather than a diminution of his pleasure. Trees of noble growth are scattered over the grounds or border stately avenues. We may wander in comfort at hot noontide beneath their shelter, or admire the effect of the long shadows over lawn and gable at eventide.

Most of these charms were present to the eye of the scholar of Herbert's day, as to the generation which happily still peoples these retreats. His was not a mind to neg-

lect such advantages. The scenes of his childhood had trained his taste for the beauties of art and nature, and his Maker had endowed him with the happy faculty by which his mental enjoyments could be imparted to others.

The first of his poems of which we find an account in his biographer Walton, was addressed to his mother on the first New Year's day after his establishment at Cambridge. In the letter accompanying these verses, after lamenting that the writers of his day devoted their time and talents to trivial and often wicked themes, he says, "For my own part, my meaning (dear mother) is, in these sonnets, to declare my resolution to be, that my poor abilities in poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory."

We extract "these sonnets" for their own merits, in addition to the interest connected with them as the first recorded production of their author. The true "ancient

heat" of poetry as well as devotion glows in them.

My God where is that ancient heat towards thee
Wherewith whole shoals of martyrs once did burn,
Besides their other flames? Doth poetry
Wear Venus' livery? only serve her turn?
Why are not sonnets made of thee? and lays
Upon thine altar burnt? Cannot thy love
Heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise
As well as any she? Cannot thy dove
Outstrip their Cupid easily in flight?
Or, since thy ways are deep, and still the same,
Will not a verse run smooth that bears thy name?
Why doth that fire, which by thy power and might
Each breast does feel, no braver fewel choose
Than that, which one day worms may chance refuse.

Sure, Lord, there is enough in thee to dry
Oceans of ink; for, as the deluge did
Cover the earth, so doth thy Majesty:
Each cloud distils thy praise, and doth forbid
Poets to turn it to another use.
Roses and lilies speak thee; and to make
A pair of cheeks of them is thy abuse.
Why should I women's eyes for crystal take?
Such poor invention burns in their low mind
Whose fire is wild and doth not upward go
To praise, and on thee, Lord, some ink bestow.
Open the bones, and you shall nothing find
In the best face but filth; when, Lord, in thee
The beauty lies in the discovery.

The mother could not fail to appreciate and encourage the exertions of her son. Her brilliant natural acquirements had been cultivated by intercourse with some of the most gifted men of the age. She was an intimate friend of Dr. John Donne, afterwards Dean or chief pastor of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, one of the most esteemed poets of his day, and a learned and eloquent divine. The verses addressed to her by Donne show his high estimate of her mental qualifications. Avoiding the low flattery by which a common mind would perhaps have striven to make the object of his praises forgetful of the advances of age, he styles her, with simplicity and sincerity, *The Autumnal Beauty*. A few of his best turned lines and compliments may be given :

No Spring, nor Summer's beauty hath such grace,
As I have seen in one autumnal face.

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*

Were her first years the golden age ? that's true ;
But now she's gold oft tried, and ever new.

That was her torrid and inflaming time ;
This is her habitable tropic clime.
Fair eyes, who asks more heat than comes from hence,
He in a fever wishes pestilence.

* * * * *

In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
You may at revels, you at councils sit.*

The circumstances which led to this pleasant friendship throw so much light on the noble character of this Christian mother that it would be unpardonable to omit the narration. It arose during her residence in Oxford, to which place she had removed in order to superintend the training of her eldest son Edward, who had entered Queen's College in that city. She provided him with a well-qualified tutor and remained near, that the quiet influence of her presence and the pleasure of her society might guard and divert him from the temptations to which youth are liable. In the words of Walton, "She continued there with him, and still kept him in a moderate awe of herself, and

* Donne's Poems. Boston, 1855, p. 344.

so much under her own eye, as to see and converse with him daily; but she managed this power over him without any such rigid sourness as might make her company a torment to her child, but with such a sweetness and compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth, as did incline him willingly to spend much of his time in the company of his dear and careful mother; which was to her great content, for she would often say, ‘That as our bodies take a nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed, so our souls do as insensibly take in vice by the example or conversation with wicked company.’ And would, therefore, as often say, ‘That ignorance of vice was the best preservative of virtue; and that the very knowledge of wickedness was as tinder to inflame and kindle sin, and to keep it burning.’ For these reasons she endeared him to her own company, and continued with him in Oxford four years.”

It was during this long residence that she became acquainted with Mr., afterwards Dr., John Donne. He had not yet entered the ministry. She not only aided him by her counsel and sympathy, but also with her purse, an assistance rendered necessary by the frequent exhaustion of his slender means in the support of his wife and seven children. His letters as well as poems bear evidence of his appreciation of these kindnesses, and his future eminence shows the aid to have been wisely appropriated.

The friendship was life-long, and was extended as warmly to her sons as to herself. He addresses the eldest, Edward, at the Siege of Juliers, at the close of a poetical epistle :

As brave as true is that profession than,
Which you do use to make ; that you know man.
This makes it credible you've dwelt upon
All worthy books, and now are such a one ;
Actions are authors, and of those in you
Your friends find every day a mart of new.

He was also, as we shall see, the constant friend and ardent admirer of our hero.

A curious instance of Mrs. Herbert's care of her children is given in her son, Lord Herbert of Cherbury's Autobiography, and may be fitly inserted here. He is enumerating the essentials of a liberal education :

“ It will be fit for a gentleman also to learn to swim, unless he be given to cramps and convulsions ; howbeit I must confess in my own particular that I cannot swim, for as I was once in danger of drowning by learning to swim, my mother upon her blessing charged me never to learn swimming, telling me further, that she had heard of more drowned than saved by it, which reason, though it did not prevail with me, yet her commandment did.” We may, like the son, be unconvinced by the “ reason,” but it is impossible not to admire the example of obedi-

ence. It is a happy illustration of the poet's
time,

When a parent's will
Was sacred still,
As a law by his children heeded.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. HERBERT'S MARRIAGE TO SIR JOHN DANVERS—
GEORGE HERBERT AT CAMBRIDGE—MADE A FELLOW OF
TRINITY COLLEGE—HIS DEPORTMENT—PREVALENT
LOVE OF DRESS—HERBERT'S DESIRE FOR BOOKS—STATE
OF HIS HEALTH—HIS BROTHER HENRY AND SICK
SISTER—DISTRIBUTION OF HIS FATHER'S ESTATE—HIS
INCOME—SIR JOHN DANVERS' LIBERALITY—"FAVORS
COME ON HORSEBACK."

MRS. HERBERT did not, as in the case of her son Edward, accompany George to college, her recent marriage to Sir John Danvers—brother and heir to Lord Danvers, Earl of Derby—imposing new duties elsewhere. It was probably also felt that the youth's feet were already set in the ways of a pleasantness to which earthly temptations could offer no counter attraction, and that he could thus be safely left in some

measure to the guidance of his own judgment. His mother's care and influence, however, procured for him the protection of Dr. Nevil, Dean of Canterbury and master of his college. He was hospitably entertained by this gentleman, and provided with a tutor to aid and direct his studies.

"I need not declare," says Walton of George Herbert at this time, "that he was a strict student, because that he was so, there will be many testimonies in the future part of his life." He passed through his collegiate course with honor, and in the year 1612 received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. On the 3d of October, 1614, he obtained the appointment of Minor Fellow of his college.

Herbert was at this time somewhat reserved in his deportment. He associated with but few persons, but these were selected for their sterling worth. One of his most intimate friends was Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, then a student of Clare Hall. We shall have occa-

sion to speak of him at length at a later period of his career.

We can hardly expect to find any young man entirely free from the foibles of those by whom he is surrounded. Extravagance in attire is a frequent weakness with college students, and one from which Herbert does not appear to have been exempt. It was a prevalent folly of the age, indulged in not only by inexperienced youth, but by many of the first men of the state. "Courtiers," it is said, "placed flowers behind their ears, and one of the most elegant noblemen of the age, William, Earl of Pembroke, a kinsman of Herbert, wore ear-rings."* The Chandos portrait of Shakspeare shows that he indulged in the same questionable ornament. It attained such a height among the unthinking youth at the universities, that a curious regulation was issued by the Vice-Chancellor

* Willmott's Lives of Sacred Poets.

of Cambridge, in 1614, forbidding "strange pekadivelas, vast bands, huge cuffs, shoe roses, tufts, locks and topps of hair, unbecoming the modesty and carridge of students in so renowned an Universitye," under penalty of a fine of six shillings and eightpence, with a month's imprisonment. The close cropped hair and "sad coloured" clothes of the Puritans were a natural though excessive protest against the prevalent extravagance.

In March, 1615, Mr. Herbert was made a Major Fellow of his college. In the following year he received the degree of Master of Arts. A letter, bearing date March 18, 1617, addressed to his father-in-law, furnishes us with some interesting particulars relating to his position at the time. It opens with an appeal for aid in the purchase of books.

"You know, sir," he says, "how I am now setting foot in divinity, to lay the platform of my future life, and shall I then be fain al-

ways to borrow books, and build on another's foundation? What tradesman is there who will set up without his tools?"

His next plea is an adroit one: "My friends would have been forward to say, if I had taken ill courses, 'Follow your book, and you shall want nothing.' You know, sir, it is their ordinary speech, and now let them make it good; for since, I hope, I have not deceived their expectation, let them not deceive mine. But, perhaps, they will say, 'You are sickly; you must not study too hard.' It is true (God knows) I am weak, yet not so but that every day I may step one step towards my journey's end; and I love my friends so well, that if all things proved not well, I had rather the fault should lie on me than on them."

His weak health has, he urges, forced him to expenditures. "You know I was sick last vacation; neither am I yet recovered, so that I am fain, ever and anon, to buy some-

what tending towards my health, for infirmities are both painful and costly. Now, this Lent, I am forbid utterly to eat any fish, so that I am fain to diet in my chambers at my own cost ; for in our public halls, you know, is nothing but fish and white meats. Out of Lent, also, twice a week, on Fridays and Saturdays, I must do so, which yet sometimes I fast. Sometimes also I ride to New-market, and there lie a day or two for to refresh me ; all which tend to avoiding costlier matters if I should fall absolutely sick. I protest and vow I even study thrift, and yet I am scarce able, with much ado, to make one half year's allowance shake hands with the other ; and yet, if a book of four or five shillings come in my way, I buy it, though I fast for it ; yea, sometimes of ten shillings. But, alas, sir, what is that to those infinite volumes of divinity which yet every day swell and grow bigger?"

"Noble sir," he earnestly concludes, "par-

don my boldness, and consider but these three things. First, the bulk of divinity; secondly, the time when I desire this (which is now when I must lay the foundation of my whole life); thirdly, what I desire, and to what end—not vain pleasures, nor to a vain end. If, then, sir, there be any course, either by engaging my future annuity, or any other way, I desire you, sir, to be my mediator with them on my behalf. Now I write to you, sir, because to you I have ever opened my heart, and have reason, by the patent of your perpetual favor, to do so still, for I am sure you love

“Your faithful servant,

“GEORGE HERBERT.”

In a second letter, without date, but written about the same time, he informs his father-in-law that his brother Henry has purchased a parcel of books for him on the Continent, and that they are now on the way

home. He proposes to pay for these in part by calling upon his sister for the sum of five or six pounds which she had previously offered him for the increase of his library ; but which he had at the time declined, as the books he required could not be obtained in the country. To meet the remaining indebtedness, he proposes that his annuity from his father's estate should be doubled, on condition that when he shall have obtained a benefice or parish, it shall entirely cease. This accomplished, "I shall forever after cease my clamorous and greedy bookish requests. It is high time," he concludes, "that I should be no more a burden to you, since I can never answer what I have already received ; for your favors are so ancient that they prevent my memory, and yet still grow upon "Your humble servant,

"GEORGE HERBERT."

"I remember," he adds in a postscript,

“my most humble duty to my mother; I have wrote to my dear sick sister this week already, and therefore now I hope may be excused.”

The sister was the invalid Lady Jones, of whom we have already spoken. We learn the circumstances of the annuity from Lord Herbert of Cherbury's Autobiography.

“My father made either no will, or such an imperfect one, that it was not proved. My mother, though she had all my father's leases and goods, which were of great value, yet she desired me to undertake that burden of providing for my brothers and sisters, which, to gratify my mother as well as those so near me, I was voluntarily content to provide thus far as to give my six brothers thirty pounds apiece yearly during their lives, and my three sisters a thousand pounds apiece, which portions married them to those I have above-mentioned.”

In addition to this thirty pounds a year,

Mr. Herbert was in the receipt of a smaller annual stipend from his fellowship. The total income is estimated by Mr. Willmott* as a fair allowance for the wants of a student at the period, money being then worth at least treble its present value. The somewhat rash proposal respecting the annuity was probably not entertained.

These letters furnish us with pleasant evidence of the kind relations existing between Herbert and Sir John Danvers. Another instance of the father-in-law's liberality and the student's gratitude will be found in the following quaintly worded acknowledgment of the gift of a horse :

“SIR—Though I had the best wit in the world, yet it would easily tire me to find out variety of thanks for the diversity of your favors, if I sought to do so ; but I profess it not ; and, therefore, let it be sufficient

* Lives of Sacred Poets, p. 239.

for me that the heart which you have won long since, is still true to you, and hath nothing else to answer your infinite kindnesses but a constancy of obedience; only, hereafter, I will take heed how I propose my desires unto you, since I find you so willing to yield to my requests; for since your favors come on horseback, there is reason that my desires should go on foot. Neither do I make any question but that you have performed your kindness to the full, and that the horse is every way fit for me, and I will strive to imitate the completeness of your love," etc.

CHAPTER V.

MR. HERBERT ORATOR OF THE UNIVERSITY—HIS LETTER TO KING JAMES—THE BASILICON DORON—ANDREW MELVIN—LORD BACON AND BISHOP ANDREWS—HERBERT'S GREEK LETTER—HERBERT'S COURTIER TASTES AND HOPES—HIS SINECURE—MRS. HERBERT'S VIEWS—DISAPPOINTMENT—SOCIAL POSITION OF THE CLERGY—HERBERT'S VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT.

ON the 21st of October, 1619, Mr. Herbert was appointed Orator of the University. He explains the duties and privileges of his new office in a letter written about this time to Sir John Danvers.

“The orator's place (that you may understand what it is) is the finest place in the University, though not the gainfullest; yet that will be about £30 per annum, but the commodiousness is beyond the revenue; for

the orator writes all the University letters, makes all the orations, be it to King, Prince, or whatever comes to the University ; to requite these pains, he takes place next the doctors, is at all their assemblies and meetings, and sits above the proctors, is regent, or non-regent at his pleasure, and such like gaynesses, which will please a young man well."

Herbert soon distinguished himself in his office. King James, who prided himself on his scholarship and literary ability, presented to the University a copy of a book which he had written, entitled, "Basilicon Doron ; or, His Majesty's Instruction to his dearest son, Henry the Prince." It was published, some time after the date of its composition, in 1599. Its good sense and wise counsel did much (it is said by Archbishop Spotswood and the great antiquarian Camden) to secure its author's accession to the throne of England. It is the best of the King's numerous

writings. Henry the Prince was the eldest brother of Charles the First. He died in 1612, at the age of nineteen.

A fitting acknowledgment had, of course, to be rendered for the royal gift. The delicate duty fell upon Mr. Herbert. His Latin letter of thanks was so well written, and its complimentary phrases so happily turned, that the monarch, greatly delighted, inquired of William, Earl of Pembroke, about its author. The nobleman replied, "That he knew him very well, and that he was his kinsman ; but he loved him more for his learning and virtue than for that he was of his name and family." "At which answer," says Walton, "the King smiled, and asked the Earl leave 'That he might love him too ; for he took him to be the jewel of that University.'"

The good opinion thus formed was increased as the King became personally acquainted with the orator. The royal visits

to the University were, of course, occasions of great ceremony. The Orator was the spokesman of the learned body, and acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of his hearer, that he was, on one occasion, summoned to attend the monarch during a hunting excursion at Royston, an estate not far distant from Cambridge. The King was so well pleased with his companion's conversation that he afterwards remarked to the Earl of Pembroke, "That he found the Orator's learning and wisdom much above his age or wit."

Mr. Herbert could, on occasion, blame as well as praise, satirize as well as compliment. His Latin verses in reply to certain bitter attacks on the English liturgy and ordinances by Andrew Melvin, a distinguished clergyman of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, were regarded as happy in style and successful in argument. They were published in 1662 by James Duport, Greek Professor of

Cambridge, Dean of Peterborough and Master of Magdalen College, at the close of a volume of Latin verses from his own pen. The preface contains a brief but emphatic testimony from this eminent scholar and divine to the ability, learning, and piety of their author.

A letter written at this period by Mr. Herbert to his mother, then suffering from severe and long-continued illness, presents us with a beautiful evidence of his reverent and grateful affection. We quote a portion :

“For myself, dear mother, I always feared sickness more than death ; because sickness hath made me unable to perform those offices for which I came into the world, and must yet be kept in it ; but you are freed from that fear, who have already abundantly discharged that part, having both ordered your family and so brought up your children that they have attained to the years of discretion and competent maintenance. So that now, if they do not well, the fault cannot be

charged on you, whose example and care of them will justify you both to the world and your own conscience ; insomuch that whether you turn your thoughts on the life past, or on the joys that are to come, you have strong preservatives against all disquiet. And for temporal affections I beseech you consider, all that can happen to you are either afflictions of estate, or body, or mind. For those of estate, of what poor regard ought they to be, since if we had riches we are commanded to give them away ? so that the best use of them is, having, not to have them. But, perhaps, being above the common people, our credit and estimation calls on us to live in a more splendid fashion. But, O God ! how easily is that answered, when we consider that the blessings in the holy Scripture are never given to the rich, but to the poor. I never find, ‘Blessed be the rich,’ or ‘Blessed be the noble ;’ but *Blessed be the meek*, and *Blessed be the poor*,

and *Blessed be the mourners, for they shall be comforted.* And yet, O God! most carry themselves so as if they not only not desired, but even feared to be blessed. And for afflictions of the body, dear Madam, remember the holy martyrs of God, how they have been burned by thousands, and have endured such other tortures as the very mention of them might beget amazement; but their fiery trials have had an end, and yours (which praised be God, are less) are not like to continue long. I beseech you, let such thoughts as these moderate your present fear and sorrow; and know that if any of yours should prove a Goliath-like trouble, yet you may say with David, *That God, who delivered me out of the paws of the lion and bear, will also deliver me out of the hands of this uncircumcised Philistine.* Lastly, for those afflictions of the soul, consider that God intends that to be as a sacred temple for himself to dwell in, and will not allow any

room there for such an inmate as grief, or allow that any sadness shall be his competitor. And, above all, if any care of future things molest you, remember those admirable words of the Psalmist: *Cast thy care on the Lord, and he shall nourish thee.* (Psalm lv.) To which join that of St. Peter: *Casting all your care on him, for he careth for you.* (1 Peter v. 7.) What an admirable thing is this, that God puts his shoulder to our burden, and entertains our care for us that we may the more quietly intend his service! To conclude, let me commend only one place more to you (Philip. iv. 4); St. Paul saith there, *Rejoice in the Lord alway. And again I say, rejoice.* He doubles it to take away the scruple of those that might say, ‘What! shall we rejoice in afflictions? Yes, I say again rejoice; so that it is not left to us to rejoice or not rejoice; but whatsoever befalls us, we must always, at all times, rejoice in the Lord, who taketh care for us. And it

follows in the next verse: *Let your moderation appear unto all men: The Lord is at hand: Be careful for nothing.* What can be said more comfortably? Trouble not yourselves; God is at hand to deliver us from all, or in all. Dear Madam, pardon my boldness, and accept the good meaning of

“Your most obedient son,

“GEORGE HERBERT.”

During one of the King's visits to the University he was accompanied by Lord Bacon, and Dr. Andrews, Bishop of Winchester. Both of these great men became acquainted with Mr. Herbert, and were soon warmly attached to him. Lord Bacon was afterwards accustomed to solicit Mr. Herbert's opinion before sending the manuscript of his works to the printer, and gave a public proof of his esteem by dedicating his translation of a portion of the Psalms of David to “his very good friend, Mr. George Herbert.”

Bishop Andrews testified his respect by carrying about with him a letter written by Mr. Herbert in the Greek language after a long conversation between the two on "predestination and sanctity of life." "The Bishop," to quote the warm-hearted words of Walton, "put it into his bosom, and did often show it to many scholars, both of this and foreign nations; but did always return it back to the place where he first lodged it, and continued it so near his heart till the last day of his life."

The favorable estimation in which the Orator was held by royalty easily led to frequent visits to the Court. It was but natural that a well-endowed young man, of good family, should be attracted to public life. He had every prospect of success. The King had already bestowed upon him a sinecure, with a salary of two hundred pounds a year, an incident which connects his name pleasantly with that of another gallant gentleman

and good Christian, Sir Philip Sidney, who had held the same easy office by the favor and in the days of "good Queen Bess." He could safely hope for other benefactions from the same high source. He saw his brothers already entering upon the wished-for career. He had the natural desire of a young and educated mind to visit foreign countries. His slight frame suffered from the effects of severe study and mental exertion. In his own words, "He had too thoughtful a wit; a wit, like a pen-knife in too narrow a sheath, too sharp for his body."

It must also be admitted that he betrayed some of the weaknesses of a courtier. According to Bishop Williams in his "Life of Archbishop Hacket," "Mr. Herbert," on a public occasion in 1618, "passed by those fluent orators that domineered in the pulpits of Athens and Rome, and insisted to read upon an oration of King James, which he analyzed, showed the concinnity of the parts,

the propriety of the phrase, the height and power of it to move the affections, the style utterly unknown to the ancients, who could not conceive what kingly eloquence was; in respect of which those noted demagogi were but hirelings and tributary rhetoricians."

We also find that he absented himself from his college. "He seldom looked towards Cambridge," says Walton, "unless the King were there, but then he never failed." He looked, however, to a court life of public duty rather than of private ease, his ambition pointing him to the office of Secretary of State, a position which had been held by earlier members of his family. His mother, whose wise forethought had already, as we shall soon see, anticipated his appropriate career, "would by no means allow him to leave the University or to travel; and though he inclined very much to both, yet he would by no means satisfy his own desires at so dear a rate as to prove an undutiful son to so

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affectionate a mother ; but did always submit to her wisdom."

A higher power was, however, to settle the question. While thus undecided as to his future career, the death of two of his most powerful and attached friends, Lodowick, Duke of Richmond, and James, Marquis of Hamilton, followed soon after by that of the King, removed the tempting hopes of court preferment. We next hear of him in the retirement of a friend's country residence in the pleasant county of Kent, near London, where he passed through his last debate between a court and a clerical life. We now find his mother exerting her powerful influence in favor of the latter. His choice was made not long after. The "painted pleasures of a court life," still attractive, for he still possessed good position, and could command powerful influence, were abandoned for the highest of earthly vocations.

The ministry was not then held in the same social esteem as at present. Mr. Herbert was urged by "a court friend" in London to give up his proposed calling "as too mean an employment, and too much below his birth, and the excellent abilities and endowments of his mind." His reply was in these earnest, sensible, and memorable words: "It hath been formerly adjudged that the domestic servants of the King of heaven should be of the noblest families on earth; and though the iniquity of the late times have made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of Priest contemptible; yet I will labor to make it honorable by consecrating all my learning and all my poor abilities to advance the glory of that God that gave them; knowing that I can never do too much for him that hath done so much for me as to make me a Christian. And I will labor to be like my Saviour, by making humility lovely in the eyes of all men, and

by following the merciful and meek example of my dear Jesus."

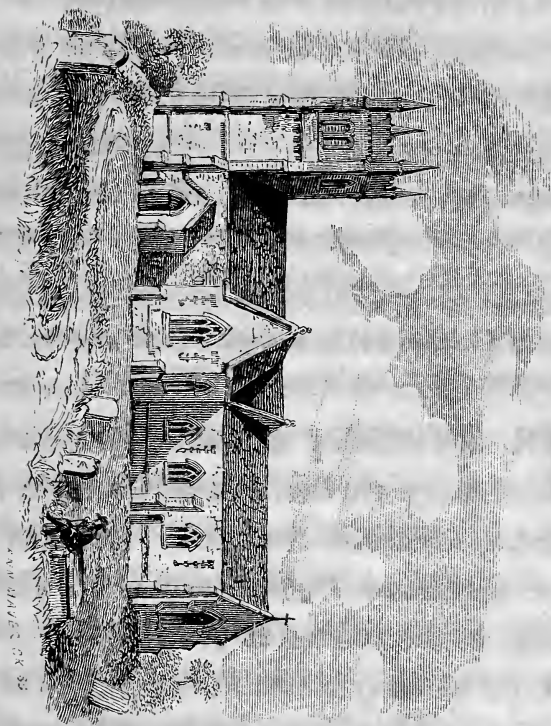
This passage is interesting not only as showing us the struggle in Herbert's mind, but also as throwing light upon the position of the clergy at that time. In studying biography we must always strive to identify ourselves with the age in which the hero of our story lived. The passage we have quoted was written near the commencement of the reign of Charles the First. It was not long since Protestantism had been established in England. The Church had been disturbed by those who sided with the views of the Continental reformers. The gift of livings, or "calls," as we term them, was in the hands of the nobles and landed proprietors, and favoritism could hardly fail to be exercised in the appointments to benefices. All of these circumstances affected the social rank of the clergy.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. HERBERT ORDAINED DEACON—PREBENDARY OF LEIGHTON—RESTORATION OF THE PARISH CHURCH—HIS MOTHER'S OBJECTIONS—THE EARL OF PEMBROKE—"SIDNEY'S SISTER, PEMBROKE'S MOTHER"—DEATH OF MRS. HERBERT—DR. DONNE'S FUNERAL SERMON—MR. HERBERT'S VERSES TO HIS MOTHER'S MEMORY—DR. DONNE'S RINGS—"THE ANCHOR AND CHRIST."

MR. HERBERT at once commenced his divinity studies, and was, within a few months, ordained Deacon. He was soon after appointed Prebendary of Leighton, a village in the county of Huntingdon.

A Prebendary is one of the officers of a cathedral, and is so called "from the assistance which the Church afforded him in meat, drink, and other necessaries," a prebend being "an endowment in land, or pension in money, given to a cathedral or conventual



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church *in præbendum*: that is, for a maintenance of a secular priest or regular canon, who was a Prebendary, as supported by the said prebend." The office in Mr. Herbert's time could be held by a layman, as it was not until the thirteenth year of the reign of King Charles the Second that the law requiring all persons holding such offices to be in priests' orders, was passed.*

By the acceptance of this prebend Mr. Herbert became connected with the Cathedral of Lincoln, one of the largest and most important of the great religious endowments of England. These, founded long before the Reformation, were fortunately preserved, during the unavoidable confusion attending that great and happy change for the benefit of the national Church.

The church of the parish in which Mr. Herbert's prebend was situated had for

* Burn's Ecclesiastical Law, II., 88.

twenty years past remained in such a dilapidated condition as to be almost useless. Some slight attempts had been made to provide the means to put it in a proper condition for the celebration of public worship, but without success. Mr. Herbert at once resolved to undertake this important matter. His careful mother endeavored to restrain him, "It is not," she said, "for your weak body and empty purse to undertake to build churches." He in reply desired her to grant him a day's delay for consideration. This obtained and passed, he returned to her. Having asked and received her blessing, he begged "That she would, at the age of thirty-three years, allow him to become an undutiful son; for he had made a vow to God, that if he were able he would rebuild that church." He then explained his plan to her with such happy success that she became a contributor to the good work, and obtained a subscription of fifty pounds from

a wealthy and generous kinsman, William, Earl of Pembroke. This gentleman was the son of Mary, the sister of Sir Philip Sidney, a lady highly esteemed for her virtues and accomplishments. Her character is well expressed in her epitaph, one of the most celebrated compositions of its class :

Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Wise, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Another liberal contributor was Mr. Arthur Woodnot. Mr. Walton introduces this gentleman to us in these happy words :

“He was a man that had considered overgrown estates do often require more care and watchfulness to preserve than get them ; and considered that there be many discontents that riches cure not, and did therefore set limits to himself as to desire of wealth ; and having attained so much as to be able to

show some mercy to the poor, and preserve a competence for himself, he dedicated the remaining part of his life to the service of God, and to be useful for his friends ; and he proved to be so to Mr. Herbert, for beside his own bounty, he collected and returned most of the money that was paid for the rebuilding of that church ; he kept all the account of the charges, and would often go down to state them, and see all the workmen paid."

Mr. Herbert's friend, Nicholas Ferrar, was also a contributor. A letter in the poet's handwriting warmly acknowledging this assistance, is still preserved.* Other friends gave their aid ; the Prebendary drew largely from his private means, and the sacred edifice was gradually so repaired and beautified as to be excelled by few of its class in the land. A recent contributor to "Notes and Queries" informs us that he made a

* Notes and Queries, X., 58.

journey to Leighton for the express purpose of visting an edifice so prominently connected with the career of George Herbert. His interesting narrative traces from the unerring indications of architectural style the "restorations" made by the poet. The edifice was new roofed throughout, a tower built, four windows placed in the chancel, and a font, pulpit, reading-desk, and seats provided by his pious care. The internal arrangements, made, of course, under his supervision, furnish important evidence respecting his taste in these respects. The seats, both in the nave and transept, are open, and so arranged that the occupants in service-time all face the chancel and officiating clergyman. The font is placed at the west end of the nave, near the entrance. The chancel is raised one step above the nave. The communion table stands three steps higher.*

* Notes and Queries, III., 178.

The desk and pulpit, Walton also informs us, are of an uniform height, in compliance with Mr. Herbert's often-expressed opinion, that one "should neither have a precedence or priority of the other; but that prayer and preaching being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honor and estimation."

It is pleasant to find, some two centuries later, another eminent poet and churchman, Reginald Heber, referring to this example in support of his own similar views. "Nor is there much decency or good sense," he writes to a celebrated architect, Mr. C. R. Cockerell, "in exalting the pulpit so greatly above the reading-desk, as if preaching were a more important office than prayer, or the commentaries of men more valuable than the Scriptures themselves; and it is therefore noticed with approbation by honest Izaak Walton, in his *Life of Herbert*, that this excellent man, in the new church which he

built at his own expense, had the pulpit and desk of the same height and opposite to each other.”*

Another pleasant allusion to Leighton church, and Herbert meets us in the Life of the celebrated Methodist divine, Adam Clarke. He writes during one of his numerous journeys, “On the road we passed by (I think it is called) Layton church, where that blessed man of God, Mr. Herbert, author of the most excellent collection of poems, republished by Mr. Edwards, formerly preached. The mere sight of the place where such an eminent minister of God hath dispensed the word of life, impressed my mind with solemnity and reverence.”†

In 1627, Mr. Herbert was called to lament the loss of his excellent and dearly beloved mother. She had never entirely recovered

* Life of Bishop Heber by his Widow. Vol. II., p. 55.

† Quoted in the Life (Walton's) and Writings of George Herbert. Boston, 1851.

from the severe illness during which her son addressed to her the beautiful letter already familiar to us. Her friend Dr. Donne preached, on the first of July, her funeral sermon at the parish church of Chelsea, then a pleasant village on the banks of the Thames, a little above London, now well-nigh absorbed in the solid advance of the monster city. We extract a few passages, for their biographical interest, and the noble example they present of a Christian life, from this eloquent discourse.

“She lived in a time wherein the prophecy of St. Peter was over-abundantly performed, that there should be scoffers, jesters in divine things, and matters appertaining to God and his religion. * * This being the air and the complexion of the wit of her times, and her inclination and conversation naturally cheerful and merry, and loving facetiousness and sharpness of wit; nevertheless, who ever saw her, who ever heard

her countenance a profane speech, how sharp soever, or take part with wit, to the prejudice of godliness? From this I testify her holy cheerfulness and religious alacrity (one of the best evidences of a good conscience), that as she came to this place, God's house of prayer, duly, not only every Sabbath, when it is the house of other exercises, as well as of prayer, but even in those week-days, when it was only a house of prayer, as often as these doors were open for a holy convocation; and, as she ever hastened her family and her company hither with that cheerful provocation, For God's sake let us go; for God's sake let us be there at the confession; so herself, with her whole family (as a church in that elect lady's house, to whom John wrote the Second Epistle) did, every Sabbath, shut up the day, at night, with a cheerful singing of psalms; this act of cheerfulness was still the last act of that family, united in itself, and with God. God loves a cheerful

giver—much more, a cheerful giver of himself. Truly, he that can close his eyes in a holy cheerfulness, every night, shall meet no distempered, no inordinate, no irregular sadness then, when God, by the hand of death, shall close his eyes at last. * * * * *

“She gave not at some great days or some solemn goings abroad, but, as God’s true almoners, the sun and moon, that pass on in a continual doing of good, as she received her daily bread from God, so daily she distributed and imparted it to others. In which office, though she never turned her face from those who, in a strict inquisition, might be called idle and vagrant beggars; yet she ever looked first upon them who laboured, and whose labours could not overcome the difficulties, nor bring in the necessities of this life; and to the sweat of their brows she contributed even her wine, and her oil, and anything that was, and anything that might be, if it were not prepared for her own table.

And as her house was a court, in the conversation of the best, and an almshouse in feeding the poor, so was it also an hospital in ministering relief to the sick. And truly the love of doing good in this kind, of ministering to the sick, was the honey that was spread over all her bread; the air, the perfume that breathed over all her house; the disposition that dwelt in those her children, and those her kindred which dwelt with her, so bending this way that the studies and knowledge of one, the hand of another, and purse of all, and a joint faculty and openness, and accessibleness to persons of the meanest quality, concurred in this blessed act of charity to minister relief to the sick, of which, myself, who at that time had the favour to be admitted into that family, can and must testify this, that when the late heavy visitation fell hotly upon this town, when every door was shut up, and lest death should enter into the house, every house was

made a sepulchre of them that were in it, then, then, in that time of infection, divers persons visited with that infection, had their relief, and relief applicable to that very infection from this house. * * * * *

“ As the rule of all her civil actions was religion, so the rule of her religion was the Scripture ; and her rule for her particular understanding of the Scripture was the Church. She never diverted towards the papist in undervaluing the Scripture, nor towards the separatist, in undervaluing the Church. But in the doctrine and discipline of that Church in which God sealed her to himself in baptism, she brought up her children, she assisted her family, she dedicated her soul to God in her life, and surrendered it to him in her death ; and in that form of common prayer which is ordained by that Church, and to which she had accustomed herself with her family twice every day, she joined with that company, which was about

her death-bed, in answering to every part thereof, which the congregation is directed to answer to, with a clear understanding, with a constant memory, with a distinct voice, not two hours before she died. According to this promise, that is, the will of God manifested in the Scriptures, she expected this, that she hath received God's physic, and God's music, a Christianly death. * * *

“How may we think she was joyed to see that face that angels delight to look upon, the face of her Saviour, that did not abhor the face of her faithfulest messenger, death? She showed no fear of his face, in any change of her own, but died without any change of countenance or posture, without any struggling, any disorder; but her death-bed was as quiet as her grave. To another Magdalen* Christ said upon earth, Touch me not, for I am not ascended. Being

* This, it will be remembered, was Lady Danvers' Christian name.

ascended now to his glory, and she being gone up to him, after she had awaited her leisure so many years, as that more would soon have grown to be vexation and sorrow, as her last words here were, I submit my will to the will of God; so we doubt not but the first word which she heard there was that *euge*, from her Saviour, Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into thy Master's joy. * * * * * * *

In which expectation (of the resurrection) she returns to her former charity; she will not have that till we all shall have it as well as she. She ate not her morsels alone, in her life (as Job speaks*); she looks not for the glory of the resurrection alone, after her death; but when we all shall have been mellowed in the earth many years, or changed in the air, in the twinkling of an eye (God knows which), that body upon

* Job xxxi. 17.

which you tread now—that body which now, whilst I speak, is mouldering and crumbling into less and less dust, and so hath some motion, though no life ; that body, which was the tabernacle of a holy soul, and a temple of the Holy Ghost ; that body, which was eyes to the blind and hands and feet to the lame whilst it lived, and being dead, is so still, by having been so lively an example to teach others to be so, that body, at last, shall have her last expectation satisfied, and dwell bodily, with that righteousness, in these new heavens and new earth, forever and ever, and ever, and infinite and super-infinite evers.”

Isaak Walton “saw and heard”—he informs us—“ Mr. John Donne weep and preach” this sermon. It was published in the same year, with some Latin and Greek verses by George Herbert, to the memory of his parent. Our extracts are taken from the reprint in the sixth volume of the com-

plete edition of Donne's Works, edited by the Rev. Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury.*

The preacher survived the lady whose virtues he so eloquently commemorated about three years. His intimacy with her son continued unimpaired to the last. "It was," Walton remarks, "a long and dear friendship, made up by such a sympathy of inclinations, that they coveted and joyed to be in each other's company ; and this happy friendship was still maintained by many sacred endearments." One of these was the presentation by Donne, not long before his death, to Herbert, of one of a few seals, of heliotrope or bloodstone, on which he had caused to be engraved "a figure of the body of Christ extended upon an anchor." These were sent to his particular friends, among

* The verses are reprinted in the excellent edition of Herbert's "Remains," published at London, in 1836, by William Pickering.

whom are enumerated the great names of Sir Henry Wotton, Bishop Hall, Dr. Duppa, Bishop King, and George Herbert. The seal sent to Herbert was accompanied by some verses, a portion of which we extract.

TO MR. GEORGE HERBERT,
SENT HIM WITH ONE OF MY SEALS OF THE ANCHOR AND
CHRIST.

Adopted in God's family, and so
My old coat lost, into new arms I go.
The cross my seal in baptism spread below,
Does by that form into an anchor grow.
Crosses grow anchors, bear as thou shouldst do
Thy cross, and that cross grows an anchor too.

This gift was found, after Mr. Herbert's death, wrapped up with these couplets :



" When my dear friend could write no more,
He gave this seal, and so gave o'er.
When winds and waves rise highest, I am sure
This anchor keeps my faith, that me secure."

Our engraving of the seal is copied from a drawing in the London Gentleman's Mag-

azine, said to have been taken from an impression of the one actually presented by Dr. Donne to Mr. Herbert. It differs in shape only from the small oval representation engraved in the editions of Walton's Life.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. HERBERT'S ILLNESS—VISITS TO WOODFORD AND DAUNTSEY—EPITAPH ON LORD DANVERS—HIS POEM, "AFFLICTION"—JANE DANVERS CHANGES HER NAME INTO HERBERT—WALTON'S ACCOUNT OF THEIR MARRIED LIFE—BISHOP SANDERSON.

WE next hear of Mr. Herbert in the year 1629, when he was obliged, in consequence of a severe ague, to seek a change of air. He became the guest of his brother, Sir Henry Herbert, at Woodford, Essex, where he passed a twelvemonth. He suffered at times severely from his disease, but always preserved patience and resignation, showing himself, in the happy phrase of Walton, "inclined to bear the sweet yoke of Christian discipline." He is said to have mastered his disease by forbearing from the use of any

but salted meats. The ague was, however, succeeded by a worse malady, symptoms of consumption manifesting themselves. To combat this new evil, he removed to Dauntsey, in Wiltshire, "a noble house which stands in a choice air," the residence of his friend Henry Danvers, Earl of Danby.

The poet commemorated his friend in the following lines. They were fortunately not needed for their apparent purpose until long after the time of their composition, as the Earl did not die before the twentieth day of January, 1673.

ON LORD DANVERS.

Sacred marble, safely keep
His dust, who under thee must sleep
Until the years again restore
Their dead, and time shall be no more.
Meanwhile, if he (which all things wears)
Does ruin thee, or if thy tears
Are shed for him, dissolve thy frame,
Thou art requited ; for his fame,
His virtue, and his worth shall be
Another monument to thee.

The “choice air” of Dauntsey, aided by moderate exercise, careful diet, and mental repose, soon produced its usual beneficial effect.

One of his finest poems, entitled AFFLICTION, was, it is thought, composed about this time :

When first thou did'st entice to thee my heart,
 I thought the service brave ;
 So many joys I writ down for my part,
 Besides what I might have
 Out of my stock of natural delights,
 Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

* * * *

At first thou gavest me milk and sweetnesses ;
 I had my wish and way :
 My days were strew'd with flowers and happiness ;
 There was no month but May.
 But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
 And made a party unawares for woe.

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
 Sicknesses clave my bones,
 Consuming agues dwell in every vein,
 And turn my breath to groans :
 Sorrow was all my soul ; I scarce believed,
 Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

* * * *

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
 The way that takes the town,
 Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
 And wrap me in a gown :
 I was entangled in the world of strife,
 Before I had the power to change my life.

* * * * .

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
 None of my books will show :
 I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree ;
 For sure then I should grow
 To fruit or shade : at least some bird would trust
 Her household to me, and I should be just.

Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek ;
 In weakness must be stout.
 Well, I will change the service, and go seek
 Some other master out.
 Ah, my dear God ! though I am clean forgot,
 Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

Several of his poems exhibit a similar vein of feeling. In "Employment" he nobly remarks :

Life is a business, not good cheer ;
 Ever in wars.

In "Man :"

More servants wait on man
 Than he'll take notice of ; in every path
 He treads down that which doth befriend him,
 When sickness makes him pale and wan.

In "Frailty" he strikingly contrasts "both regiments :"

The world's and Thine,
Thine clad with simpleness and sad events,
The other fine.*

It was during his stay at Dauntsey that Mr. Herbert first met his future wife. The story of the wooing and winning is a pleasant one.

The lady, Jane Danvers, was one of the nine daughters of Mr. Charles Danvers, of Bainton, a gentleman of fortune and high social position, a near relative and neighbor of the Earl of Danby. He was intimately acquainted with Mr. Herbert, and so much pleased with his manners and character, that he frequently expressed a hope that his young friend might marry one of his daughters, "but rather his daughter Jane

* How the blessed names of those who have suffered and died in defence of our religion, arise to our remembrance, when we read these words! We think of Latimer, of Cranmer, and Ridley, and the glorious company of sainted martyrs, whom they guided unto eternal glory.
—*Willmott's Lives of the Sacred Poets.*

than any other, because Jane was his beloved daughter." He praised Jane to Mr. Herbert and Mr. Herbert to Jane, and expressed his wishes freely to both. This, as Mr. Walton remarks, was "a fair preparation for a marriage." The father, however, died before any other steps were taken in the matter, and before Mr. Herbert removed to Dauntsey. Some friends of the family, however, remembering the father's wishes, and agreeing in his opinion, in this respect, of the fitness of things, procured a meeting between the two.

The lady is described by Aubrey, a relative, who probably knew her well, in quaint old terms of high commendation, as a "handsome *bona roba** and generose." The same

* Aubrey applies the same term to the celebrated beauty, Lady Venetia Stanley, the wife of Sir Kenelm Digby. "She had a perfect healthy constitution; strong; good skin; well proportioned; enclining to a *Bona Roba*." (Lives, etc., II., 332.) He seems to mean by it a full, well-rounded figure.

writer informs us that Mr. Herbert possessed “a very fine complexion.” He is portrayed to us by Walton as being “of a stature inclining towards tallness ; his body was very straight, and so far from being cumbered with too much flesh, that he was lean to an extremity.”

The result soon proved that the pair liked one another as much as had been anticipated, for on the third day after this first interview the lady “changed her name into Herbert.” The romantic marriage “turned out” most happily. “The eternal lover of mankind,” Walton beautifully remarks, “made them happy in each other’s mutual and equal affections and compliance ; indeed, so happy that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other’s desires. And though this begot, and continued in them, such a mutual love, and joy, and content, as was no way defective ; yet

this mutual content, and love, and joy, did receive a daily augmentation, by such daily obligingness to each other as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls, as was only improvable in heaven, where they now enjoy it." We may be allowed to add to this passage another by the same writer, equally happy in application and expression, on the marriage of his friend, Bishop Sanderson. "The Giver of all good things was so good to him as to give him such a wife as was suitable to his own desires; a wife that made his life happy, by being always content when he was cheerful; that was always cheerful when he was content; that divided her joys with him, and abated of his sorrow, by bearing a part of that burden; a wife that demonstrated her affection by a cheerful obedience to all his desires, during the whole course of his life; and at his death, too, for she outlived him.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEMERTON—KING CHARLES' ADMIRATION OF HERBERT—
"SPIRITUAL CONFLICTS"—BISHOP LAUD—MR. HER-
BERT'S INDUCTION—"TOLLING THE BELL"—A RETRO-
SPECT—THE "MINISTER'S WIFE"—COMFORTABLE
SPEECH TO AN OLD WOMAN—THE PARISH CHURCH AND
PARSONAGE REPAIRED—THE FIRST SERMON.

ABOUT three months after Mr. Herbert's marriage, the parish of Bemerton became vacant by the appointment of the rector, Dr. Curle, to the Bishopric of Bath and Wells. Philip, Earl of Pembroke (the successor of William, now dead), requested the King to bestow the living on his kinsman, Herbert. "Most willingly to Mr. Herbert, if it be worth his acceptance," was the kind reply. It shows the monarch's high appreciation of the poet and scholar. We meet with another proof of this feeling many years

after. During the King's imprisonment by the parliamentary party, then in power, the Poems of George Herbert, with the Bible and two or three other books, were his constant companions.*

Mr. Herbert seems to have been much perplexed as to whether he should accept or decline the position tendered to him. The responsibility of the care of souls weighed heavily on his conscientious and sensitive mind. He considered the question, with fasting and prayer, for over a month, suffering, as he often remarked, "such spiritual conflicts as none can think but only those that have endured them."

Mr. Herbert was at this time spending the pleasant season following his marriage with his wife's relations at Bainton. Here he

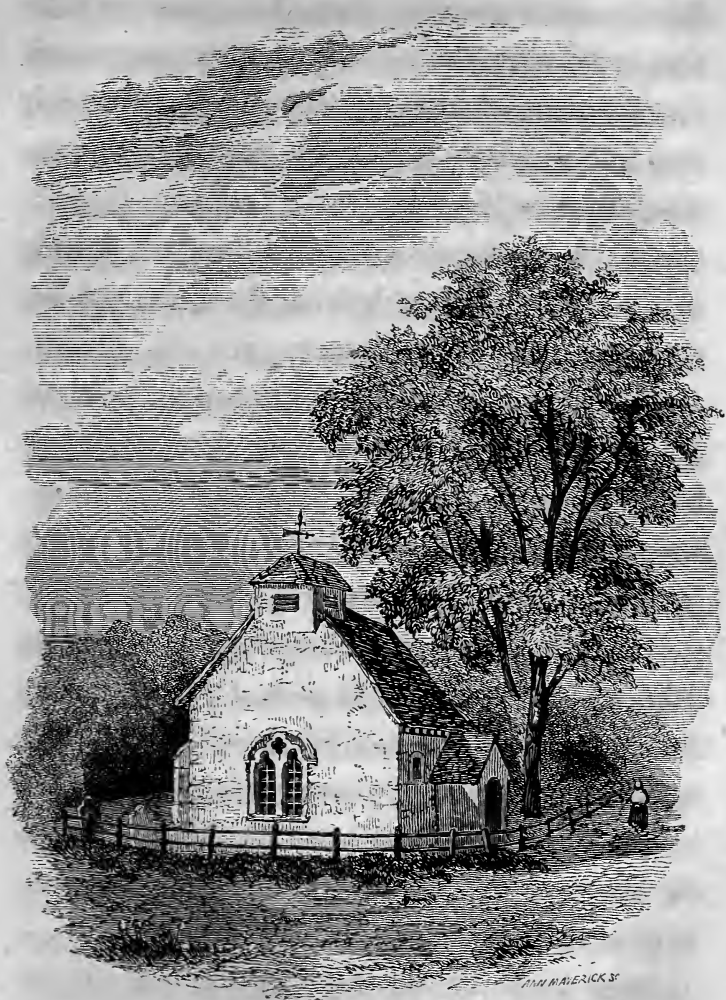
* Willmott's *Lives of the Sacred Poets*. The King's copy of Herbert is said to have been preserved, and was at one time in the library of "Tom Martin of Palgrave."
—*Dibdin's Library Companion*.

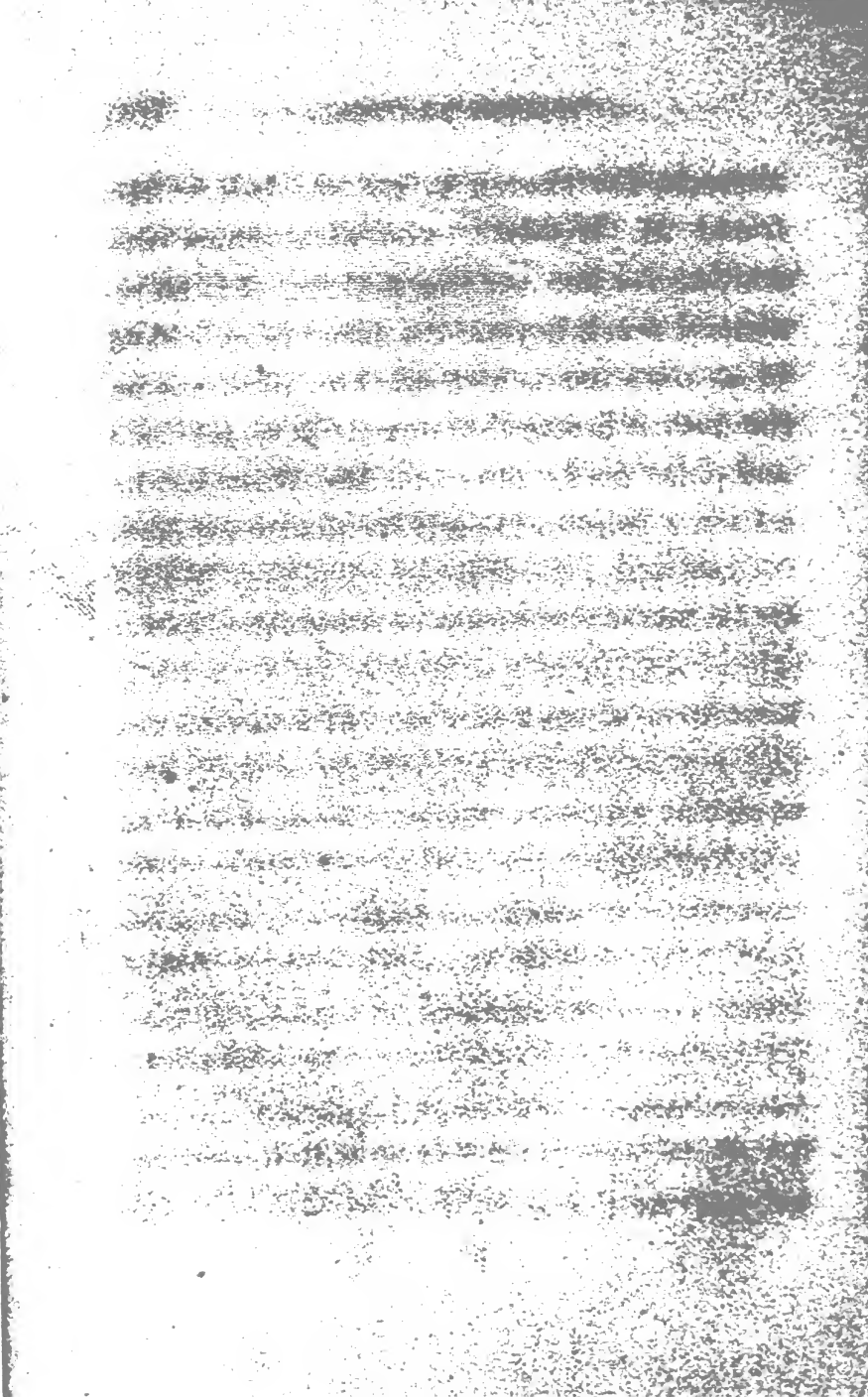
received the congratulations of "his own and his father's friend," Mr. Arthur Woodnot, who had made a journey expressly on this pleasant errand. After the friends had "rejoiced together some few days," they visited Wilton Hall, the noble country seat of the Pembrokes, where the Earl was at that time entertaining the King and court. Mr. Herbert, in presenting his thanks to the Earl for the appointment to Bemerton, acquainted him with his doubts as to his acceptance. The Earl, sensible of his kinsman's fitness, laid the matter before Dr. Laud, then Bishop of London, who afterwards, as Archbishop of Canterbury, suffered on the scaffold for his attachment to the Church of England, and his occasionally unwise administration of her affairs.

The earnest prelate had an interview the next day with Mr. Herbert, and, says Walton, "did so convince Mr. Herbert *that the refusal of it was a sin*, that a tailor was sent

for to come speedily from Salisbury to Wilton, to take measure and make him canonical clothes against (that is, for) next day; which the tailor did." If, as we may infer from this, we owe Herbert's acceptance of Bemerton to Archbishop Laud's influence, it is a service to the Church which should not be forgotten in our estimate of his career. Prompt action followed the delayed decision. Herbert, arrayed in the dress appropriate to his profession, which he does not appear to have previously assumed, probably following in this respect the custom of the day, observed by those only in Deacon's orders, applied immediately to Dr. Davenant, the Bishop of the diocese, for institution. The request was promptly complied with, and he was on the same day, April 26, 1630, inducted into "the good, and more pleasant than healthful, Parsonage of Bemerton."

After his induction the new Rector was, in compliance with a legal requirement, left





alone in the church to toll the bell.* His friend Mr. Woodnot, who with others was waiting for him outside, noticing that he remained much beyond the usual time, looked in at the window and saw him prostrate on the ground before the altar; "at which time and place (as he after told Mr. Woodnot) he set some rules to himself for the future man-

* "The induction is to be made according to the tenor and language of the mandate, by vesting the incumbent with full possession of all the profits belonging to the church. Accordingly the inductor usually takes the clerk by the hand and lays it upon the key, or upon the ring of the church door, or if the key cannot be had, and there is no ring on the door, or if the church be ruined, then on any part of the wall of the church or church-yard, and saith to this effect: 'By virtue of this mandate, I do induct you into the real, actual, and corporal possession of this church of C., with all the rights, profits, and appurtenances thereto belonging.' After which the inductor opens the door, and puts the person inducted into the church, who usually tolls a bell to make his induction public and known to the parishioners—which being done, the clergyman who inducted indorseth a certificate of his induction on the archdeacon's mandate, and they who were present do testify the same under their hands."—*Johns.*, 77; *Wats.*, c. 15; *Burn's Ecclesiastical Law*, 8th Ed., 1824, Vol. I., 173.

age of his life ; and then and there made a vow to labor and keep them."

The two friends passed the evening of the eventful day together. In the course of their conversation, Mr. Herbert expressed himself earnestly respecting his past life and the career now opening before him. "I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts," he said, "and think myself more happy than if I had attained what then I so ambitiously thirsted for. And I can now behold the court with an impartial eye, and see plainly that it is made up of fraud, and titles, and flattery, and many other such empty, imaginary, painted pleasures—pleasures that are so empty as not to satisfy when they are enjoyed. But in God and his service is a fullness of all joy and pleasure and no satiety. And I will now use all my endeavours to bring my relations and dependants to a love and reliance on Him who never fails those that trust him. But above all, I will be sure

to live well, because the virtuous life of a clergyman is the most powerful eloquence to persuade all that see it to reverence and love, and this I will do, because I know we live in an age that hath more need of good examples than precepts."

The third day after his induction he returned with Mr. Woodnot to Bainton, and after saluting his wife, said to her, "You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know that a Priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place but that which she purchases by her obliging humility; and I am sure places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you that I am so good a herald as to assure you that this is truth." "And she," says Walton, was so meek a wife as to assure him it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willing-

ness. And, indeed, her unforced humility, that humility that was in her so original as to be born with her, made her so happy as to do so ; and her doing so begat her an unfeigned love, and a serviceable respect from all that conversed with her ; and this love followed her in all places as inseparably as shadows follow substances in sunshine.”

He soon after returned to Bemerton to make arrangements to repair the chancel of the church, and rebuild a great portion of the parsonage, which had fallen into a ruinous condition, in consequence of the former rector having resided at a better house at Minal, some sixteen or twenty miles distant. While occupied about this examination, he was accosted by an old woman who came to him for relief for her troubles of body and mind, but was so humble and timid, that “after she had spoke some few words to him she was surprised with a fear, and that begot a shortness of breath, so that her spirits and speech

failed her." Mr. Herbert perceiving this, took her by the hand and reassured her with these kind words : "Speak, good mother ; be not afraid to speak to me, for I am a man that will hear you with patience, and will relieve your necessities too, if I be able ; and this I will do willingly ; and therefore, mother, be not afraid to acquaint me with what you desire." "After which comfortable speech," says Walton, "he again took her by the hand, made her sit down by him, and understanding she was of his parish, he told her 'he would be acquainted with her, and take her into his care ;' and having with patience heard and understood her wants (and it is some relief for a poor body to be but heard with patience), he, like a Christian clergyman, comforted her by his meek behavior and counsel ; but because that cost him nothing, he relieved her with money too, and so sent her home with a cheerful heart, praising God and praying for him." On his

return to Bainton in the evening, he mentioned the incident to his wife ; she, like a good help-mate, sympathizing with and aiding her husband in his good endeavors, went the next day to Salisbury, where she purchased a pair of blankets, which were sent to the old woman, who, in this comfortable plight, disappears from our history.

The parish church, under Mr. Herbert's active supervision, was soon repaired. He also constructed, on the ruins of the old parsonage, a new and commodious edifice of brick, with a handsome garden. The following inscription was placed, by his direction, over the mantel of the chimney in the hall.

TO MY SUCCESSOR.

If thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind,
And built without thy cost :
 Be good to the poor,
 As God gives thee store,
And then my labor's not lost.

Mr. Herbert received Priest's orders soon

after his induction, his friend Dr. Humphrey Henchman, afterwards Bishop of London, taking part in the ceremonies.

The new rector took the text for his first sermon from the Proverbs of Solomon, "Keep thy heart with all diligence." It was, says Walton, "delivered after a most florid manner, both with great learning and eloquence." At its close he told his hearers "That should not be his constant way of preaching ; for since Almighty God does not intend to lead men to heaven by hard questions, he would not therefore fill their heads with unnecessary notions, but that, for their sakes, his language and his expressions should be more plain and practical in his future sermons." He then dismissed them, with an urgent request to be constant in their attendance on the afternoon service and catechising.

CHAPTER IX.

A SUNDAY AT BEMERTON IN 1839—WILTON HALL—THE
NEW HERBERT "TEMPLE"—A PEEP THROUGH A WIN-
DOW.

BEMERTON, in which we have now found Mr. Herbert firmly established, is a little hamlet near Salisbury, a town made memorable by the possession of one of the largest and most beautiful cathedrals in England or the world. The village church is as humble as the place, being but forty-five feet in breadth by eighteen in length.

An American lover of Herbert who attended divine service at the Bemerton church on a pleasant Sunday morning in the autumn of 1839, describes the place as "a collection of houses and hay-stacks heaped together over a meadow, to the left of the

road. They looked appropriate, and I was willing to accept them for the spot. It was Bemerton. A rudely-kept cart-track led down to a little irregular street of thatched houses, inclosed in farm-yards that made up all the pretensions of the parish. It was humble, to be sure; but it was picturesque. The thatch, it could not be disputed, was graceful, covering the windows and gables like a heavy eyebrow or a huge, projecting snowdrift. I took the left turning, and in a few steps reached the suburbs, alighting on a diminutive wooden bridge, which spans the Neder, a stream that guides the foot-passenger to Salisbury. It commanded a level view over deep green meadow patches to Salisbury Cathedral, pointing high in the air with surpassing beauty. But the church was not visible. On turning again it appeared, immediately beyond, a little pinched, old-fashioned stone building, the noisy bell ringing, and old people crowding the porch.

The edifice stands at a triangular corner of the road, fenced off from the foot-path by gray, sunken tomb-stones. There was no spire, but a short, ventilated kind of chimney, out of which the bell twanged its coarse tones with a cracked, nasal utterance. Within, the appearance was not less curious. It was the most diminutive of all parish churches. The preacher's sounding board projected from the very eaves of the springing roof, and left no space below for the tip-toe eloquence common with many energetic divines. The clerk, condensed beneath in the smallest compass, seemed to bolster both reading-desk and pulpit. The congregation may have numbered fifty persons; the younger portion of the villagers were, doubtless, withdrawn to the more imposing scenery of the cathedral. The clergyman wore the Oxford hood, and preached a practical, plain sermon worthy of Herbert himself. At the time of singing the psalm and hymn there

was, instead, a decent pause for several minutes. At the Creed, all turned to the east and bowed.* The children of the parish were gathered about the chancel, and after the service, were directly questioned on the Catechism—an institution that Herbert in his 'Country Parson' lays much stress upon."†

It was the good fortune of the present writer to visit Bemerton on a pleasant morning of July, 1848. It was the crowning pleasure of a day crowded with enjoyment. I rose at an early hour to accomplish betimes the long ride to Stonehenge. On my return I diverged from my route to visit the localities made interesting to me by their connection with the career of George Her-

* The reverential and beautifully significant custom of facing the East during the recital of the Creed is observed in all the cathedrals and many of the parish churches of England.

† Arcturus. Vol. I., p. 268.

bert, as well as their own intrinsic attractions. I visited Wilton Hall, to which the reader has been already introduced. Great changes have been made in the edifice ; but it is still in the possession of the Herberts. The ancient courteous kindness has descended with the ancient domain to the present owners. The family being at home at the time of my visit, the house was not, as at other seasons, open to the curious gaze of the tourist ; but an exception was made in favor of the remote and honored birthplace of the traveller, and I was permitted to examine at will the pictures and other treasures of art gathered under the ancestral roof by the successive generations of tasteful occupants. One of the apartments contained, as I fancied, a mute evidence of the courtesy of which I have spoken. A work-basket, with its housewifely appurtenances, and a piece of needlework, with the bright little implement of female industry arrested in mid career,

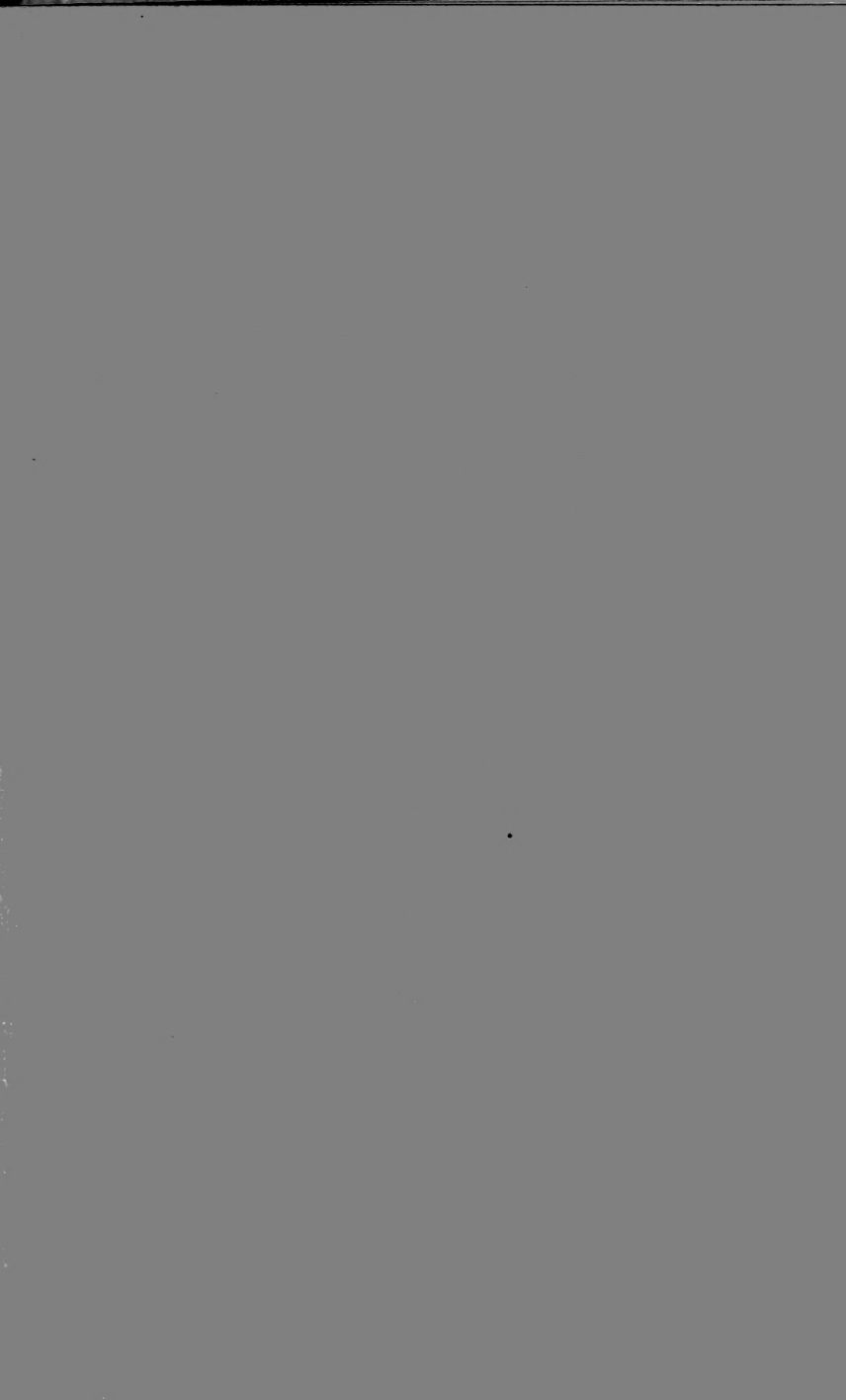
seemed to indicate that a lady had hastily vacated her own parlor to afford an unknown stranger the opportunity of studying in unembarrassed ease the matchless paintings which clothed its walls.

A twin wonder with Wilton Hall is the new church, erected from the unaided resources of his private fortune by a member of this noble family, Mr. Sidney Herbert, who combines in his name the memory of two of the most distinguished among his honored ancestors. The edifice is in the early Italian style, with round arches and a square, lofty campanile or tower connected with the church by a short covered passage. It is enriched with mosaics from Rome, choice foreign and native marbles; with walls and windows brilliant with gilding and color, forming a combination of grandeur and beauty almost unsurpassed even in richly-stored England. It seemed an embodiment of the poetical "Temple" of

George Herbert, to which we shall soon introduce our readers.

A short ride brought me to the turn in the road within whose protecting elbow stands the little chapel of Herbert. My brother's brief description has given the reader, in sufficient detail, the simple features of the edifice. There was no one at hand to unlock the door; the exigencies of my journey permitted but a brief delay, and I had to content myself with a glimpse through the small windows placed one on each side of the edifice. The entrance, as usual in English parish churches, is through a porch. I could see nothing within but plain walls and woodwork; but these, in their bare simplicity, were clothed with beauty from the memories which hung about them.

The church has been much altered since Herbert's day. Two decorated Gothic windows, dating from about the commencement of the fourteenth century, on the south and





west sides, still remain. The east window is modern. The walls have been repaired with brick work. The bell in the little turret is of the fourteenth century, and twenty-four inches in diameter. The font is also ancient. The sittings are modern, and of "unpainted deal."*

The parsonage is only forty feet (the width of the road in Mr. Herbert's time) from the church. The parts rebuilt by Herbert can still be traced ; but his inscription has disappeared. A grass plot on the south side slopes down to the river, and commands a fine view of Salisbury Cathedral in the distance. A fig-tree at the end of the house and a medlar in the garden, are said to have been planted by Mr. Herbert.†

* Notes and Queries, II., 414.

† Ib., II., 460.

CHAPTER X.

MR. HERBERT'S COMPANIONS AT CAMBRIDGE—"THE PEARL"—DAILY PRAYERS AT BEMERTON—"MR. HERBERT'S SAINT'S BELL"—CHURCH MUSIC—WAYSIDE TEACHINGS—CATECHISING—THE "POOR MAN WITH A POORER HORSE"—"MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT"—MR. HERBERT'S REVERENCE AND LOVE OF THE BIBLE.

MR. HERBERT'S removal to Bemerton severed his connection with Cambridge. The separation must have been painful; the sacrifice felt. He gave up the great libraries dear to an inquiring student, and a society of living men equal in attractiveness to these silent companions of his bookish hours. Milton and Jeremy Taylor were inmates of its classic halls, fair youths, already giving bright promise of their future glory. Thomas Fuller was commencing his career as a great

scholar, and enlivening his fellows by his rare wit. Herrick, the song writer, Giles and his brother Phineas Fletcher, both to be afterwards known as sacred poets, were among his contemporaries, and not improbably his friends.* John Cotton, Thomas Hooker, and several others, men of worth and intellect, who were, a few years later, to take a prominent part in the history of our country, and give to our first college the revered name of their beloved Alma Mater, were also there, receiving the kindly culture of the Church, in whose doctrine and fellowship, but for the unwise rigor of men in power, they would probably have continued to their lives' end.

In one of his choicest productions, written probably about this period, our poet has alluded to these past experiences of his life :

* Willmott's Lives of the Sacred Poets.

THE PEARL.

Matt. xiii.

I know the ways of learning ; both the head
And pipes that feed the press, and make it run ;
What reason hath from nature borrowed,
Or of itself, like a good housewife, spun
In laws and policy ; what the stars conspire,
What willing nature speaks, what forced by fire ;
Both the old discoveries and the new found seas,*
The stock and surplus, cause, and history ;
All these stand open, or I have the keys :
Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of honor, what maintains
The quick returns of courtesy and wit :
In view of favours whether† party gains,
When glory swells the heart and mouldeth it
To all expressions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, wheresoe'er it goes :
How many drams of spirit there must be
To sell my life unto my friends or foes :
Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of pleasure, the sweet strains,
The lullings and the relishes of it ;
The propositions of hot blood and brains ;
What mirth and music mean ; what love and wit

* One of many allusions to the American discoveries, which were regarded by all the great men of the time as one of the chief glories of their age.

† Whichever.

Have done these twenty hundred years and more :
I know the projects of unbridled store :
My stuff is flesh, not brass ; my senses live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five :
Yet I love thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand :
Therefore not sealed, but with open eyes,
I fly to thee, and fully understand
• Both the main sale, and the commodities ;
And at what rate and price I have thy love ;
With all the circumstances that may move :
Yet through the labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
But thy silk-twist let down from Heaven to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it,
To climb to thee.

Mr. Herbert devoted himself with untiring energy to the duties of his calling. The text of his weekly sermon—the Catechism taking the place of a discourse in the afternoon service—was always selected from the Gospel for the day. He took especial pains to explain to his hearers the significancy of the various portions of the Church services, and of the different seasons of the ritual year. His instructions are set

forth by Walton in a beautiful passage, justly regarded as one of the finest expositions of the Church service, and the manner in which

As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year.

His chapel was opened every day for morning and evening prayer "at the canonical hours of ten and four." His own family were constant in their attendance, and their good example was generally followed by the parishioners. ✓ Some of the humble farm laborers, we are told, "did so love and reverence Mr. Herbert that they would let their plough rest when Mr. Herbert's Saint's bell rung to prayers, that they might also offer their devotions to God with him; and would then return back to their plough. And his most holy life was such that it begot such reverence to God and to him, that they thought themselves the happier when they carried Mr. Herbert's blessing back with them to their labour." His brother Edward writes to the same effect: "His life

was most holy and exemplary, in so much that about Salisbury, where he lived benefited for many years, he was little less than sainted."

The recreations of a good man take their tone from his duties, and thus advance, rather than retard, as is often the case with the selfish pleasures of the world, his progress in holiness. Mr. Herbert delighted in the angelic gratification of music. "H. Allen, of Dauntsey, who was well acquainted with him," told Aubrey, "that he had a very good hand on the lute, and that he sett his own lyricks or sacred poems." He usually walked twice in every week to Salisbury to join in the choral service of the Cathedral, and was wont to say on his return, "That his time spent in prayer and cathedral music elevated his soul, and was his heaven upon earth." He would frequently, before returning from Salisbury, "sing and play his part at an appointed private music meeting;" re-

marking often that "Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it."

His ordinary walks even seem, like all the actions of his life, to have been the means of good to others. It was his courteous practice to enter into conversation with those he met by the way. On one occasion we find him overtaking a gentleman belonging to Salisbury, and engaging in religious conversation, with the happy remark, "that there be some sermon-hearers that be like those fishes that always live in salt water, and yet are always fresh." Mr. Herbert, we are told, "asked him some needful questions, and having received his answer, gave him such rules for the trial of his sincerity, and for a practical piety, and in so loving and meek a manner that the gentleman did so fall in love with him and his discourse, that he would often contrive to meet him in his walk to Salisbury or to attend him back to

Bemerton, and still mentions the name of Mr. George Herbert with veneration, and still praiseth God for the occasion of knowing him."

At another time we find him falling in with a brother clergyman, and in the course of their conversation on "the decay of piety and too general contempt of the clergy," urging that "one cure for these distempers would be for the clergy themselves to keep the Ember weeks strictly, and beg of their parishioners to join with them in fasting and prayers for a more religious clergy.

"And another cure," he continues, "would be for themselves to restore the great and neglected duty of catechising, on which the salvation of so many of the poor and ignorant lay-people does depend; but principally that the clergy themselves would be sure to live unblamably."

The third of these pleasant wayside incidents is so delightfully related by Wal-

ton, that we must borrow his entire narrative :

“In another walk to Salisbury he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load ; they were both in distress, and needed present help, which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man ; and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse ; and told him, ‘that if he loved himself he should be merciful to his beast.’ Thus he left the poor man, and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed ; but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him ‘he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment,’ his answer

was 'that the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight ; and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place. For if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy ; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let us tune our instruments.' ”

An interesting addition to our biographical knowledge of Mr. Herbert is given us by his friend Ferrar. “To testify,” he says, “his independency upon all others, and to quicken his diligence in this kind [his Christian calling], he used, in his ordinary speech, when he made mention of the blessed name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to add, My Master.

“Next God, he loved that which God himself hath magnified above all things—that is, his Word: so, as he hath been heard to make solemn protestation, that he would not part with one leaf thereof for the whole world, if it were offered him in exchange.”*

* Preface to The Temple.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COUNTRY PARSON—"SHAVINGS OF GOLD"—THE
PARSON'S APPAREL AND HOUSEKEEPING—"THE
WALLS NOT IDLE"—THE PARSON'S SUNDAY WORK—
WASTING OF DISEASE.

IT was during this period that Mr. Herbert wrote his admirable little prose work, "A Priest to the Temple; or, the Country Parson, his Character and Rule of Holy Life." It was written solely with a view to his own improvement in the duties of his sacred calling. "I have resolved," he says in the brief preliminary address of "The Author to the Reader," "to set down the form and character of a true pastor, that I may have a mark to aim at; which also I will set as high as I can, since he shoots higher that threatens the

moon, than he that aims at a tree.* Not that I think that if a man do not all which is here expressed, he presently sins and displeases God; but that it is a good strife to go as far as we can in pleasing of him who hath done so much for us."

This little volume was not published until 1652. Fuller, writing a little before this date remarks, in his Church History, "It much contenteth me that I am certainly informed that the posthume remains (shavings of gold are carefully to be kept) of that not less pious than witty writer, are shortly to be put forth into print." The "Country Parson" has been several times "put forth into print" within the present century, and can be obtained at a moderate price. It is a book for

* His Church Porch in "The Temple" contains the same fancy:

"Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
Sink not in spirit: who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree."

the laity as well as the clergy, for most if not all of the incidents of parochial life have a common interest and impose a common obligation.

The volume furnishes many valuable hints to the biographer; for Herbert has drawn many of the traits of his "Country Parson" from his own tastes. The parson's apparel is "plain, but reverend and clean, without spots, or dust, or smell; the purity of his mind breaking out, and dilating itself even to his body, clothes, and habitation."* "The furniture of his house is very plain, but clean, whole, and sweet—as sweet as his garden can make; for he hath no money for such things, charity being his only perfume, which deserves cost when he can spare it. His fare is plain and common, but whole-

* This was a favorite idea, which he has also expressed among the counsels of "The Church Porch :"

"Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation."

some ; what he hath is little, but very good. It consisteth most of mutton, beef, and veal ; if he adds anything for a great day or a stranger, his garden or orchard supplies it, or his barn and yard. He goes no further for any entertainment, lest he go into the world, esteeming it absurd that he should exceed who teacheth others temperance.”

“Those (of his servants) that can read are allowed times for it, and those that cannot are taught ; for all in his house are either teachers, or learners, or both, so that his family is a school of religion, and they all account, that to teach the ignorant is the greatest alms. Even the walls are not idle ; but something is written or painted there, which may excite the reader to a thought of piety ; especially the 101st Psalm, which is expressed in a fair table as being the rule of a family.”

This idea of turning walls to a good instructive account was a favorite with him.

We have already spoken of his legacy of advice to his successor in the Parsonage. His church was similarly ornamented. "In the chancel," says Aubrey, "are many apt sentences of the Scripture. At his wife's seat, 'My life is hid with Christ in God.' (Coloss. iii. 3.) Above, in a little window blinded, within a veil, 'Thou art my hiding-place.'" The first-named passage has also furnished a text for one of his poems.

"The Country Parson, as soon as he awakes on Sunday morning, presently falls to work, and seems to himself so as a market-man is, when the market-day comes, or a shop-keeper, when customers use to come in. His thoughts are full of making the best of the day, and contriving it to his best gains. To this end, besides his ordinary prayers, he makes a peculiar one for a blessing on the exercises of the day. This done, he sets himself to the consideration of the duties of the day, and if there be any extraordinary addi-

tion to the customary exercises, either from the time of the year, or from the state, or from God, by a child born or dead, or any other accident, he contrives how, and in what manner, to induce it to the best advantage. Afterwards, when the hour calls, with his family attending him, he goes to church, at his first entrance humbly adoring and worshipping the invisible majesty and presence of Almighty God, and blessing the people either openly or to himself. Then having read divine service twice fully, and preached in the morning and catechized in the afternoon, he thinks he hath, in some measure, according to poor and frail man, discharged the public duties of the congregation. The rest of the day he spends either in reconciling neighbours that are at variance, or in visiting the sick, or in exhortations to some of his flock by themselves, whom his sermons cannot, or do not, reach. And every one is more awaked when we come

and say: 'Thou art the man.' This way he finds exceeding useful and winning; and these exhortations he calls his privy purse, even as princes have theirs, besides their public disbursements. At night he thinks it a very fit time, both suitable to the joy of the day, and without hindrance to public duties, either to entertain some of his neighbours, or to be entertained of them, where he takes occasion to discourse of such things as are both profitable and pleasant, and to raise up their minds to apprehend God's good blessing to our Church and State; that order is kept in the one and peace in the other, without disturbance or interruption of public divine offices. As he opened the day with prayer, so he closeth it, humbly beseeching the Almighty to pardon and accept our poor services, and to improve them, that we may grow therein, and that our feet may be like hinds' feet, ever climbing up higher and higher unto him."

Did our plan permit, we might, in this manner, follow the Country Parson through his weekly round of duties, well assured that in doing so we should still be in the company of Mr. George Herbert, as we shall never find him far behind his own or any other's ideal of a Christian walk and conversation. We have quoted enough, we hope, to make the reader wish for more, and he will, we trust, not be satisfied until he has sought, found, and read Mr. Herbert's little book from beginning to end.

Unfortunately for the world, this life of goodness was to be of short duration. Consumptive symptoms again appeared. Mr. Herbert became so weak as to be unable to read prayers twice a day without painful effort. His wife perceiving that he was thus exhausting his little strength, told him that it "wasted his spirits and weakened him." He confessed that this was so; but added, "his life could not be better spent than in

the service of his Master, Jesus, who had done and suffered so much for him. But," said he, "I will not be wilful; for, though my spirit be willing, yet I find my flesh is weak; and therefore Mr. Bostock shall be appointed to read prayers for me to-morrow, and I will be now only a hearer of them, till this mortal shall put on immortality." Mr. Bostock was an old friend of Mr. Herbert's, and his curate or assistant at Fulston parish church, to which Bemerton was a chapel. He undertook the assigned duty on the following day, and continued it until Mr. Herbert's decease.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. NICHOLAS FERRAR—THE VIRGINIA COMPANY—LITTLE GIDDEN — DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES — THE TABLET—
“ABUSED AS PAPISTS AND AS PURITANS”—JOHN VAL-
DESSO—MR. FERRAR’S PRAYER—MR. DUNCON’S VISIT—
“WHAT PRAYERS?”—MANUSCRIPT OF THE TEMPLE.

MR. HERBERT had maintained for many years a warm friendship with an associate of his University days, Mr. Nicholas Ferrar.*

* “There is another thing (some will call it a paradox) which I learned from him (and Mr. Ferrar) in the managery of their most cordial and Christian friendship. That this may be maintained in vigour and height without the ceremonies of visits and compliments; yea, without any trade of secular courtesies, merely in order to spiritual edification of one another in love. I know they loved each other most entirely, and their very souls cleaved together most intimately, and drove a large stock of Christian intelligence together long before their deaths; yet saw they not each other in many years, I think, scarce ever, but as members of one University, in their whole lives.”—*Oley’s Life of Herbert.*

Mr. Ferrar, a gentleman of good family and fortune, was born on the twenty-second of November, 1592. He displayed, from his earliest years, great mental activity and deep devotional feeling. After completing his studies at Cambridge he passed some years in extensive foreign travel. On his return he took an active part in the management of the Virginia Company, conducting the correspondence with the colony, and defending the association from the attacks of its enemies until its arbitrary and unjust dissolution, through the influence of the Spanish ambassador, by the King. He now resolved to withdraw from public affairs to the life of retirement which he had long desired.

Mr. Ferrar purchased land yielding an income of from four to five hundred pounds a year, at Little Gidding, about eighteen miles from Cambridge, and from four to six from Huntingdon. His house was close to the parish church. Having taken Deacon's

orders, he resolved to devote the remainder of his life to religious duties. His execution of this resolve was somewhat peculiar.

His family numbered about thirty persons, a portion of whom were in no way related to him. The household formed a sort of college or brotherhood. The daily routine established about the year 1630 was as follows: At the hours of ten and four Mr. Ferrar read prayers in the parish church, which he had repaired and decorated at his own expense. He also conducted morning service at six, in the church or the oratory of his house, remaining often for several hours after the conclusion to sing hymns and anthems with members of his family. They assembled during the day for prayer and the reading of the Psalms and other portions of the Bible, and gathered together at night to read the Psalms which had been omitted during the day. When those in attendance became exhausted, the bell was rung "sometimes be-

fore and sometimes after midnight," and their places supplied by others who were in their turn relieved, the service being continued until morning, and the entire Psalter in this manner said or sung once in every twenty-four hours.

These remarkable devotional exercises, accompanied by an abstemious mode of life and liberal charities to the poor, became celebrated, and Gidden Hall was often visited by members of the clergy and others, who would pass a week or more with Mr. Ferrar, joining in the routine of the house. During the winter the exercises of the night were conducted in a parlor, warmed and arranged for the purpose. This, in common with the other apartments of the house, was decorated with moral sentences and passages from Scripture on the walls. A tablet of brass was, at the suggestion of Mr. Herbert, displayed in this room, with the following significant inscription, approved by him :

I. H. S.

HE, WHO (BY REPROOF OF
OUR ERRORS, AND REMON-
STRANCE OF THAT WHICH IS
MORE PERFECT) SEEKS TO
MAKE US BETTER, IS WEL-
COME AS AN ANGEL OF GOD,

HE, WHO (BY A CHERFUL
PARTICIPATION OF THAT
WHICH IS GOOD) CONFIRMS
US IN THE SAME, IS WELCOME
AS A CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

AND

BUT

HE, WHO ANY WAYS GOES
ABOUT TO DISTURB US IN
THAT WHICH IS AND OUGHT
TO BE AMONGST CHRISTIANS
(THO' IT BE NOT USUAL IN
THE WORLD), IS A BURDEN
WHILST HE STAYS, AND SHALL
BEAR HIS JUDGMENT, WHO
SOEVER HE BE,

HE, WHO FAULTS US IN AB-
SENCE FOR THAT WHICH IN
PRESENCE HE MADE SHEW
TO APPROVE OF, DOTH BY A
DOUBLE GUILT OF FLATTERY
AND SLANDER VIOLATE THE
BANDS BOTH OF FRIENDSHIP
AND CHARITY.

AND

MARY FERRAR, WIDOW,
MOTHER OF THIS FAMILY,
AGED FOURSORE YEARS,

(WHO BIDS ADIEU TO ALL FEARS AND HOPES OF THIS WORLD,
AND ONLY DESIRES TO SERVE GOD,)

SET UP THIS TABLE.

Mr. Herbert's approval of this inscription, interesting from its dignified simplicity, furnishes a good example of his fair and candid mode of dealing in matters open to controversy. The erection of this tablet gave rise, like the other proceedings of the family, to much comment. They were opposed, as is often the case, by persons of the most opposite opinions. "By some," says the biographer, "they were abused as Papists; by others, as Puritans."*

An engraved portrait from a contemporary picture of Mr. Ferrar now lies before us. It represents a singularly prepossessing countenance. The brow is ample, the features regular, the hair, dark and abundant, combed back from the forehead; the eye singularly large and mild. The impression conveyed by the face is that of one of those quiet enthusiasts who pursue their course apart

* Peckard's Life of Ferrar.

from the main current of human affairs, but with undeviating aim and a strength of purpose that current's wildest surge cannot deflect a hair's breadth. The engraved seems an endorsement of the printed page, and, like many a fine portrait, furnishes one of the most trustworthy of our biographical authorities.

Mr. Ferrar died on the second of December, 1637. The family remained together, until dispersed by the parliamentary party during the civil wars.

"Mr. Ferrar's and Mr. Herbert's devout lives were both so noted," says Walton, "that the general report of their sanctity gave them occasion to renew that slight acquaintance which was begun at their being contemporaries in Cambridge; and this new holy friendship was long maintained without any interview, but only by loving and endearing letters." As "one testimony of their friendship and pious designs," he mentions, that

Mr. Ferrar submitted to Mr. Herbert a translation which he had made of "The Considerations of John Valdesso," a work he had met with on his travels. Valdesso was a favorite courtier of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. After following his sovereign through his many long wars, he retired with him from the world to the monastery of Yuste, where he wrote the work mentioned above, and a translation of all St. Paul's Epistles, from the original into Spanish. Mr. Herbert returned the manuscript with many valuable marginal notes, and a letter, both of which were printed with the volume.

"On Friday," Mr. Ferrar writes, the date not being given, "Mr. Mapletoft brought us word that Mr. Herbert was said to be past hope of recovery, which was very grievous news to us, and so much the more so, being altogether unexpected. We presently therefore made our public supplication for his health in the words and manner following:"

We extract a portion of the prayer, as an evidence of the respect and affection with which Mr. Herbert was regarded :

“O most mighty God, and merciful Father, we most humbly beseech thee, if it be thy good pleasure, to continue to us that singular benefit which thou hast given us in the friendship of thy servant, our dear brother, who now lieth on the bed of sickness. Let him abide with us yet awhile, for the furtherance of our faith. We have indeed deserved by our ingratitude, not only the loss of him, but whatever other opportunities thou hast given us for the attainment of our salvation. * * * * *

Lord, thou hast willed that our delights should be in the saints on earth, and in such as excel in virtue ; how then should we not be afflicted, and mourn when thou takest them away from us ! Thou hast made him a great help, and furtherance of the best things amongst us, how then can we but

esteem the loss of him a chastisement from thy displeasure ! O Lord, we beseech thee, that it may not be so ; we beseech thee, if it be thy good pleasure, restore unto us our dear brother, by restoring to him his health ; so will we praise and magnify thy name and mercy with a song of thanksgiving. Hear us, O Lord, for thy dear Son's sake, Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen."

Mr. Ferrar sent Mr. Edward Duncon to visit Mr. Herbert, and bring back a full account of his condition. On Mr. Duncon's entrance, Mr. Herbert, who was lying down much exhausted, raised himself, and inquired respecting Mr. Ferrar's health. His solicitude satisfied, after some conversation about the holy life of his friend, he said to Mr. Duncon, " Sir, I see by your habit that you are a priest, and I desire you to pray with me." Mr. Duncon, expressing his willingness, asked, what prayers ? " O sir," was the reply, " the prayers of my mother,

the Church of England, no other prayers are equal to them !* but at this same time I beg of you to pray only the Litany, for I am weak and faint." Mr. Duncon complied, and remained Mr. Herbert's guest for the night, leaving him on the morrow with a promise to return within five days. This was about a month before Mr. Herbert's death. Mr. Duncon, describing the interview to Walton, told him, "that at his first view of Mr. Herbert, he saw majesty and humility so reconciled in his looks and behaviour as begot in him an awful reverence for his person. He added, that his discourse

* "At once both commending them, and his soul to God in them, immediately before his dissolution, as some martyrs did, Mr. Hullier by name, vicar of Babram, burnt to death in Cambridge, who, having the common prayer-book in his hand instead of a censer, and using the prayers as incense, offered himself up as a whole burnt sacrifice to God ; with whom the very book itself suffered martyrdom, when fallen out of his consumed hands, it was by the executioners thrown into the fire and burnt as an heretical book."—*Oley's Life of Herbert.*

was so pious and his motions so gentle and meek, that, after almost forty years, yet they remain still fresh in his memory.”

On the fifth day Mr. Duncon returned. He found Mr. Herbert much weaker than before, so that he could converse for a short time only. As his guest rose to depart, Mr. Herbert said, “Sir, I pray give my brother Ferrar an account of the decaying condition of my body, and tell him I beg him to continue his daily prayers for me. And let him know that I have considered *that God only is what he would be*; and that I am, by his grace, become now so like him, as to be pleased with what pleaseth him; and tell him, that I do not repine, but am pleased with my want of health; and tell him my heart is fixed on that place where true joy is only to be found; and that I long to be there, and do wait for my appointed change with hope and patience. Having said this,” continued Walton, “he did, with so sweet a

humility as seemed to exalt him, bow down to Mr. Duncon, and with a thoughtful and contented look say to him, "Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus, my Master ; in whose service I have now found perfect freedom ; desire him to read it ; and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected, poor soul, let it be made public ; if not, let him burn it, for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies." The work thus humbly spoken of was "The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations," destined not only to comfort thousands of "dejected, poor souls," but to place the author high among the glorious company of the English poets, and to endear him for all time to the hearts of all good men.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. WOODNOT—THE PAST AND THE FUTURE—MR. HERBERT'S LAST SUNDAY—"CHURCH MUSIC"—GOOD WORKS—THE DEATH-BED—MR. HERBERT'S BURIAL—MRS. HERBERT'S WIDOWHOOD—LOSS OF MR. HERBERT'S MANUSCRIPTS.

MR. DUNCON was succeeded a day or two after in his solemn watch at Mr. Herbert's bedside, by the poet's old friend, Mr. Woodnot, who remained until all was over. During this brief period of three weeks, Mr. Herbert was often visited and prayed with by the Bishop and Prebendaries of Salisbury and the rest of the neighboring clergy. His wife and his three nieces, with Mr. Woodnot, were constant in their attendance. He would often speak to them to this effect: "I now look back upon the plea-

asures of my life past, and see the content I have taken in beauty, in wit, and music, and pleasant conversation, are now all past by me like a dream, or as a shadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them; and I see that, as my father and generation hath done before me, so I shall now suddenly (with Job) *make my bed also in the dark*; and I praise God I am prepared for it; and I praise Him that I am not to learn patience, now I stand in such need of it; and that I have practised mortification and endeavored to die daily, that I might not die eternally; and my hope is, that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain, and, which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from sin and all the temptations and anxieties that attend it; and this being past, I shall dwell in the New Jerusalem—dwell there with men made perfect—dwell where these eyes shall see my Master and Saviour Jesus, and

with Him see my dear mother, and all my relations and friends. But I must die or not come to that happy place, and this is my content, that I am going daily toward it, and that every day which I have lived hath taken a part of my appointed time from me, and that I shall live the less time, for having lived this and the day past."

On the Sunday before his death, he rose suddenly from his couch, and calling for one of his musical instruments tuned it, and sang to its accompaniment the fifth stanza of his poem on Sunday. As this is one of the finest of his productions, and can nowhere be more fitly cited than here, we give the entire composition :

SUNDAY.

O day most calm, most bright,
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
 The indorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a friend, and with his blood ;
 The couch of time ; care's balm and bay ;
 The week were dark, but for thy light ;
 Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man ; whose face thou art,
Knocking at Heaven with thy brow :
The working days are the back part ;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straightforward gone
To endless death ; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still ;
Since there is no place so alone
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which Heaven's palace arched lies :
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden ; that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Thredded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday Heaven's gate stands ope ;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for his,
That as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our Creation
Our great Redeemer did remove,
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence :
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth :
And where the week days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth :
Oh, let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to Heaven !

The beautiful incident just related, recalls another of Herbert's poems. In the rapt enjoyment of devotional melody he seems almost to anticipate the scene before us.

CHURCH MUSIC.

Sweetest of sweets, I thank you ; when displeasure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me thence, and in your house of pleasure,
A dainty lodging me assigned.

Now I in you without a body move,
Rising and falling with your wings ;
We both together sweetly live and love,
Yet say sometimes, " God help poor kings."

Comfort, I'll die ; for if you part from me,
Sure I shall do so, and much more ;
But if I travel in your company,
You know the way to Heaven's door.

On the day of his death he said to Mr. Woodnot: "My dear friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but sin and misery ; but the first is pardoned, and a few hours will now put a period to the latter, for I shall suddenly go hence and be no more seen." His friend reminded him of his

rebuilding of Leighton church, and some of his other acts of charity. "They be good works," was the reply, "if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise."

After this he became restless. As his wife and nieces kept their mournful watch at his bedside they perceived that he breathed faintly and with effort. A sudden agony fell upon him. His wife, in a paroxysm of grief, asked him how he felt. He replied, "that he had passed a conflict with his last enemy, and had overcome him by the merits of his Master Jesus." Looking up, he saw his wife and nieces weeping. He entreated them, "if they loved him, to withdraw into the next room, and there pray, every one alone for him; for nothing but their lamentations could make his death uncomfortable." They "yielded him a sad obedience" and tearfully withdrew, leaving only Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock with him. Pointing out a cabinet to the latter, he requested him

to take from it his will. Receiving the document, he placed it in the hands of Mr. Woodnot. "My old friend," he said, "I here deliver you my last will, in which you will find that I have made you my sole executor, for the good of my wife and nieces; and I desire you to show kindness to them, as they shall need it. I do not desire you to be just, for I know you will be so for your own sake; but I charge you, by the religion of our friendship, to be careful of them." Having received Mr. Woodnot's assent, he said: "I am now ready to die;" and after a space: "Lord, forsake me not, now my strength faileth me; but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus. And now, Lord—Lord, receive my soul."

"With these words, he breathed forth his divine soul, without any apparent disturbance, Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock attending his last breath, and closing his eyes."

Mr. Herbert was buried on the third of

March, 1632, beneath the chancel of his church, the choristers of Salisbury, in compliance with his expressed wishes, attending and chaunting in the service for the burial of the dead. There is something beautiful in this request. It marks his love of music and his love to the Church. He asked for no funeral pomp, no eulogy, no monumental marble; but he did require that the noble service of our ritual should be given in all its beauty—that it might do its full work by impressing the living as well as honoring the dead.

Mrs. Herbert remained a widow for six years. She then married Sir Robert Cook, of Highnam, Gloucestershire, by whom she had a daughter. She died in 1663, having survived Sir Robert fifteen years. She retained an affectionate reverence for Mr. Herbert to the last. She would often take occasion to mention his name, and say, “that name must live in her memory till she put

off mortality." Walton says, that she "had preserved many of Mr. Herbert's private writings, which she intended to make public, but they and Highnam House were burnt together, by the late rebels, and so lost to posterity." Another authority, John Aubrey, the gossiping antiquary, gives a different account. He says that Mr. Herbert "writ a folio in Latin, which, because the parson of Hineham could not read it, his widowe (then wife to Sir Robert Cook) condemned to the uses of good housewifry." We wish, for Lady Cook's and the parson's sake, that the story were not as authentic as we fear it is.

CHAPTER XIV.

CORNARO ON TEMPERANCE—PROVERBS—WALTON'S DESCRIPTION OF THE TEMPLE—CHARACTER OF THE WORK—THE "CHURCH PORCH"—"THE ALTAR"—"SIN"—"VIRTUE"—THE "BRITISH CHURCH"—"PEACE."

IN addition to the works we have already mentioned, Mr. Herbert translated Cornaro's Treatise on Temperance, an excellent little volume, which is still frequently printed. It appeared at Cambridge, in 1634, in the same volume with a translation, by Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, of the *Hygiasticon*; or, The Right Course of Preserving Health, by Leonard Lessius, and is included, with several notes on Lessius' treatise, in the poet's "Remains."

He also formed a collection of Proverbs, published in 1640, with the title, "*Jacula Prudentum*"; or, Outlandish Proverbs, Sen-

tences, etc., selected by Mr. George Herbert, late Orator of the University of Cambridge." Others were added in the second edition, 1651. The whole are included in the "Remains." The translations appear to have been popular, and to have passed through several editions. The contemporary poet, Richard Crashaw, has rendered a fine tribute to Lessius' labors. It is itself redolent with the beauty of hearty, vigorous health.

IN PRAISE OF LESSIUS' RULE OF HEALTH.

* * * * *

Hark hither, reader, would'st thou see
Nature her own physician be ?
Would'st see a man all his own wealth,
His own physic, his own health ?
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well ?

* * * * *

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day ?
Would'st see a man whose well-warmed blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood ?
A man whose tunèd humours be
A seat of rarest harmony ?
Would'st see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguile
Age ? Would'st see December smile ?

Would'st see a nest of roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thought, free spirits, flattering
Winter's self into a spring?
In sum, would'st see a man that can
Live to be old and still a man?
Whose latest, and most leaden hours,
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flow'rs;
And, when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends:—
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay;
A kiss, a sigh, and so away?
This rare one, reader, would'st thou see,
Hark hither; and—thyself be he!

The first edition of *The Temple*, “by Mr. George Herbert, late Orator of the University of Cambridge,” bears no date.* The second appeared in 1633. It is a book, as Walton, in his *Life of Donne*, with his wonted happy warmth remarks, “in which, by declaring his own spiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raised many dejected souls, and charmed them into sweet

* This first edition, a thin duodecimo, is very rare. A copy sold at Sotheby's auction-room, in London for £19. 17s. 6d.

and quiet thoughts; a book, by the frequent reading whereof, and the assistance of that spirit that seemed to inspire the author, the reader may attain habits of peace and piety, and all the gifts of the Holy Ghost and heaven, and may by still reading, still keep those sacred fires burning upon the altar of so pure a heart, as shall free it from the anxieties of this world, and keep it fixed upon things that are above."

The sub-title of *The Temple*—"Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations"—forms, perhaps, the best description of, and commentary on, its contents. The poems are truly sacred. A divine repose, a church-like quiet, pervades the whole. There is no effort at display—no ambitious attempt to portray the scenes of Holy Writ. Each poem is an expression of the author's individual thought. Many are prayers in verse, the "private ejaculations" of the author's closet. But though remote from the turmoil

and strife of the world, they bear ample evidence that their writer knew its trials and temptations, sympathized with its sufferings, was not insensible to its honorable rewards. Herbert's entire life lies before us in its pages.

The Temple opens with "The Church Porch," a series of maxims for the general conduct of life, displaying thorough knowledge of the world and human nature. Many of these are expressed with great beauty. Thus he remarks on Charity :

Join hands with God to make a man to live.

On Sundays :

Sundays observe : think when the bells do chime,
'Tis angels' music.

He says of behavior in church :

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part :
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
Christ purged his temple ; so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well ;
For churches either are our heaven or hell.

He draws a lively moral from a dull sermon :

Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speak something good : if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

The Church Porch concludes with the following incentive to duty :

In brief, acquit thee bravely ; play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
Defer not the least virtue : life's poor span
Make not an ill, by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pain :
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remain.

Passing within, our glance naturally rests upon the Altar. The holy table is commemorated in a fanciful manner, much in favor with the poets of Herbert's day, by which the lines of the composition are so arranged that the printed page shall bear a resemblance to its subject matter. We quote the poem as a curious illustration of this practice :

THE ALTAR.

A BROKEN ALTAR, LORD, THY SERVANT REARS,
MADE OF A HEART, AND CEMENTED WITH TEARS :

WHOSE PARTS ARE AS THY HAND DID FRAME ;
NO WORKMAN'S TOOL HATH TOUCH'D THE SAME.

A HEART ALONE
IS SUCH A STONE,
AS NOTHING BUT
THY POWER DOTH CUT.
WHEREFORE EACH PART
OF MY HARD HEART
MEETS IN THIS FRAME,
TO PRAISE THY NAME :

THAT IF I CHANCE TO HOLD MY PEACE,
THESE STONES TO PRAISE THEE MAY NOT CEASE.

O LET THY BLESSED SACRIFICE BE MINE,
AND SANCTIFY THIS ALTAR TO BE THINE.

The consideration of The Sacrifice follows, a series of reflections upon the different scenes of the Passion. The spiritual Temple thus entered, the poet dwells in turn upon the sacraments and ritual, the holy seasons and ceremonies, the occasions of prayer and praise, the various parts of the sacred edifice, the joys and sorrows of the Christian life. We select four of these poems, which we

consider, with those already quoted, as the most beautiful of the author's productions.

SIN.

Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round !

Parents first season us : then schoolmasters

Deliver us to laws ; they send us bound

To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,

Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,

Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,

Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,

The sound of Glory ringing in our ears ;

Without, our shame ; within, our consciences :

Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole array

One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

VIRTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,

The bridal of the earth and sky,

The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;

For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave,

Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,

Thy root is ever in its grave,

And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

THE BRITISH CHURCH.

I joy, dear mother, when I view
Thy perfect lineaments, and hue
Both sweet and bright :
Beauty in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
When she doth write.

A fine aspect in fit array,
Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,
Shows who is best :
Outlandish looks may not compare ;
For all they either painted are,
Or else undrest.

She on the hills, which wantonly
Allureth all in hope to be
By her preferr'd,
Hath kiss'd so long her painted shrines,
That e'en her face by kissing shines,
For her reward.

She in the valley is so shy
 Of dressing, that her hair doth lie
 About her ears :
 While she avoids her neighbour's pride,
 She wholly goes on the other side,
 And nothing wears.

But, dearest mother, (what those miss)
 The mean thy praise and glory is,
 And long may be.
 Blessed be God, whose love it was
 To double-moat thee with his grace,
 And none but thee.

PEACE.

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
 Let me once know.
 I sought thee in a secret cave,
 And ask'd if Peace were there.
 A hollow wind did seem to answer, No :
 Go seek elsewhere.

I did ; and going, did a rainbow note :
 Surely, thought I,
 This is the lace of Peace's coat :
 I will search out the matter.
 But while I look'd, the clouds immediately
 Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
 A gallant flower,

The crown imperial. Sure, said I,
Peace at the root must dwell.
But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour
What show'd so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man,
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began :
There was a prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

He sweetly lived ; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes,
But after death out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat :
Which many wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth :
For they that taste it do rehearse,
That virtue lies therein ;
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you ;
Make bread of it : and that repose
And Peace, which everywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there.

Several of the poems of The Temple are

disfigured by conceits or similes the meaning of which is not readily apparent, and when obtained often out of harmony with the rest of the composition. An example of this fault occurs in the concluding verses of the poem on Virtue. Other passages may be found in which the train of thought is involved and the meaning obscure. A little patience will, however, always overcome the difficulty, and it will be well to bear in mind Dr. Johnson's remark, in a somewhat similar vein, upon the poets of Herbert's school, "that, if their conceits were far-fetched, they were often worth the carriage."*

* Life of Cowley.

CHAPTER XV.

LICENSE FOR THE PUBLICATION OF THE TEMPLE—RELIGION AND AMERICA—THE VIRGINIA AND NEW ENGLAND EMIGRATIONS—MR. FERRAR'S INTRODUCTION TO THE TEMPLE—POPULARITY OF THE WORK—THE SYNAGOGUE—CHRISTOPHER HARVEY—WALTON'S LINES—"THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER"—HERBERT'S PROVERBS.

WHEN Mr. Ferrar applied at Cambridge to obtain a license for the publication of *The Temple*, the Vice Chancellor refused his consent, unless the first couplet of the following lines should be omitted :

Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.
When height of malice, and prodigious lusts,
Impudent sinning, witchcrafts and distrusts,
The marks of future bane, shall fill our cup
Unto the brim, and make our measure up ;
When Seine shall swallow Tiber ; and the Thames,
By letting in them both, pollutes her streams ;

When Italy of us shall have her will,
And all her calendars of sins fulfil,
Whereby one may foretell what sins next year,
Shall both in France and England domineer :
Then shall Religion to America flee ;
They have their times of gospel ev'n as we.*

Mr. Ferrar, however, insisted that the work should be published as left by Mr. Herbert, and the Vice Chancellor finally yielded, with the remark, "I knew Mr. Herbert well, and know that he had many heavenly speculations, and was a divine poet ; but I hope the world will not take him to be an inspired prophet, and therefore I license the whole book."

These lines have a peculiar interest to American readers. They show that the thoughts of Herbert had dwelt on one of the great events of his age, the colonization of our beloved country. From the prominent position of his friend Mr. Ferrar in the Virginia Company, he is likely to have been fa-

* The Church Militant.

miliar with that noble enterprise, conceived and executed in a missionary no less than a mercantile spirit;* and he was, as we have seen, a contemporary at Cambridge with some of the future founders of New England. Herbert did not, however, attach any prophetic significance to the lines.

Mr. Ferrar prefixed to *The Temple* a brief address by "The Printer to the Reader." "The dedication of this work," he finely remarks, "having been made by the author to the Divine Majesty only, how should we now presume to interest any mortal man in the patronage of it? Much less think we it meet to seek recommendation of the Muses, for that which himself was confident to have been

* This is abundantly evident from the minute account of the proceedings of the company given in the *Life of Ferrar*, and other early records. A noble sermon, preached by Dr. Donne on the 30th of November, 1622, bears eloquent testimony to the same effect. It is well known that the daily service of their Church was regularly celebrated by the early colonists.

inspired by a diviner breath than flows from Helicon. The world, therefore, shall receive it in that naked simplicity with which he left it, without any addition either of support or ornament, more than is inclosed in itself. We leave it free and unforestalled to every man's judgment, and to the benefit that he shall find by perusal."

The Temple was received with great favor by the public, and at once attained a wide popularity. Twenty thousand copies had been sold when Walton's Life of the author was written. The edition published in 1640 was accompanied by a collection of poems similar in character, but far inferior in merit, to those of Herbert, entitled, "The Synagogue, or the Shadow of the Temple, Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations, in imitation of Mr. George Herbert." They were published anonymously, but the authorship has generally been attributed to the Rev. Christopher Harvey, on the authority of Izaak

Walton, who addresses his "reverend friend, the Author of The Synagogue," in some commendatory verses :

I loved you for your Synagogue, before
I knew your person ; but now love you more ;
 Because I find
It is so true a picture of your mind ;
 Which tunes your sacred lyre
 To that eternal quire,
 Where holy Herbert sits
 (O shame to profane wits !)
And sings his and your anthems, to the praise
Of Him that is the first and last of days.

Walton also quotes, in his Complete Angler, one of the poems of the volume, with the name "Ch. Harvie" appended as the author.

The Synagogue has since maintained its place in almost every edition of Herbert's Poems. We quote, as a specimen of its style, and for its own merits, the poem selected by Mr. Walton :

COMMON PRAYER.

What, prayer by the book ? and common ? Yes. Why not ?

The spirit of grace

And supplication

Is not left free alone

For time and place ;

But manner too. To read, or speak by rote,

Is all alike to him, that prays

With's heart, that with his mouth he says.

They that in private by themselves alone

Do pray, may take

What liberty they please,

In choosing of the ways,

Wherein to make

Their soul's most intimate affections known

To him that sees in secret, when

They are most conceal'd from other men.

But he that unto others leads the way

In public prayer,

Should choose to do it so

As all, that hear, may know

They need not fear

To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and say,

Amen ; nor doubt they were betray'd

To blaspheme, when they should have pray'd.

Devotion will add life unto the letter.

And why should not

That which authority

Prescribes esteemed be

Advantage got ?

If the Prayer be good, the commoner the better.

Prayer in the Church's words, as well

As sense, of all prayers bears the bell.

Herbert's collection of “Outlandish Proverbs” was one of the earliest formed in the language. The selection testifies, like all his works, to his knowledge of the world. The Proverbs are eleven hundred and eighty-two in number. A few specimens may be given :

He that studies his content, wants it.

Every day brings its bread with it.

Humble hearts have humble desires.

A cool mouth, and warm feet, live long.

When a friend asks, there is no to-morrow.

God sends cold according to clothes.

Old wine and an old friend are good provisions.

Would you know what money is, go borrow some.

Though you see a churchman ill, yet continue in the church still.

Hell is full of good meanings and wishings.

The last-quoted proverb is interesting from

its similarity to a favorite expression of Dr. Johnson, "Hell is paved with good intentions." Both are, no doubt, derived from a common original, far back in the primitive ages of wisdom.

CHAPTER XVI.

IZAAK WALTON—LIVES OF DONNE AND WALTON—THE COMPLETE ANGLER—ALLUSIONS TO MR. HERBERT—LIVES OF HOOKER AND HERBERT—PREFACES TO HIS LIFE OF HERBERT—WOODFORD'S LINES ON HERBERT AND DONNE—COTTON'S TRIBUTE TO HERBERT—DUPORT'S LATIN LINES—LIFE OF SANDERSON—WORDSWORTH'S SONNET—WALTON'S DEATH.

WALTON'S *Life of Herbert* appeared in 1670. We have already, by our frequent extracts, given a significant proof of our admiration of his labors. Herbert owes no small portion of his fame to his enthusiastic old biographer. Walton was a man every way qualified to do justice to his theme. He presented as a layman a model almost as perfect as the Complete Parson, Herbert.

Born of respectable but not opulent parents in the midland town of Stafford, he

came in his youth to London and devoted himself to merchandise. His honesty and enterprise seem to have been crowned with success in the accumulation of a moderate fortune. He was a parishioner and intimate of Herbert's friend Donne. On the death of that eminent divine the preparation of his sermons for the press, with a memoir of the author, was commenced by Sir Henry Wotton, a leading statesman, scholar, and churchman of the period. He died before he had more than entered upon his task. The duty next devolved upon Walton, who had already been engaged as an assistant. His life, prefixed to a folio volume of Donne's Sermons, appeared in 1640.

His next labor of love was the preparation of the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* for the press, accompanied by a memoir of his accomplished friend. The volume appeared in 1651. In 1653 he published his *Complete Angler*, a little work which has given him

a perpetual fame as an author. The purity and freshness of its style, its pictures of rural scenes, its cheerful vein of reflection, its unaffected piety, have made it a favorite with all lovers of good books.

Walton has twice introduced Herbert in the *Complete Angler*. In the first chapter, *Piscator* closes some remarks on rivers and fishes in these words :

“But, Sir, lest this discourse may seem tedious, I shall give it a sweet conclusion out of that holy poet, Mr. George Herbert, his divine contemplations on God’s Providence.”

Three stanzas follow from one of the poems of *The Temple*.

In the fifth chapter, *Piscator* says—And now, scholar ! my direction for fly-fishing is ended with this shower, for it has done raining. And now look about you and see how pleasantly that meadow looks ; nay, and the earth smells as sweetly, too. Come, let me tell you what holy Mr. Herbert says of such

days and flowers as these ; and then we will thank God that we enjoy them ; and walk to the river and sit down quietly, and try to catch the other brace of trouts—

Sweet day ! so cool, so calm, so bright.*

Venator. I thank you, good master ! for your good direction for fly-fishing ; and for the sweet enjoyment of the pleasant day, which is, so far, spent without offence to God or man. And I thank you for the sweet close of your discourse with Mr. Herbert's verses ; who, I have heard, loved angling, and I do the rather believe it, because he had a spirit suitable to anglers, and to those primitive Christians that you love, and have so much commended.

Piscator. Well, my loving scholar ! and I am well pleased to know that you are so well pleased with my direction and discourse. And since you like these verses of Mr. Her-

* Virtue, p. 87.

bert's so well, let me tell you, what a reverend and learned divine that professes to imitate him, and has indeed done so most excellently, hath writ of our book of Common Prayer; which I know you will like the better, because he is a friend of mine, and I am sure no enemy to angling,

What, Pray'r by the book? and common? Yes. Why not?*

Walton's next work, the Life of Richard Hooker, appeared in 1665. This was followed by the Life of George Herbert. In the preface he says:

“In a late retreat from the business of this world, and those many little cares with which I have too often incumbered myself, I fell into a contemplation of some of those historical passages that are recorded in sacred story, and more particularly of what had past betwixt our blessed Saviour and that

* Ante, page 176.

wonder of women, and sinners, and mourners, Saint Mary Magdalen.

* * * *

“Upon occasion of which fair example, I did lately look back, and not without some content (at least to myself) that I have endeavoured to deserve the love, and preserve the memory of my two deceased friends, Dr. Donne and Sir Henry Wotton, by declaring the several employments and various accidents of their lives. And though Mr. George Herbert (whose Life I now intend to write) were to me as stranger to his person, for I have only seen him; yet since he was, and was worthy to be, their friend, and very many of his have been mine, I judge it may not be unacceptable to those that knew any of them in their lives, or do now know them by mine, or their own writings, to see this conjunction of them after their deaths, without which many things that concerned them, and some things that concerned the age in

which they lived, would be less perfect, and lost to posterity.

“For these reasons I have undertaken it, and if I have prevented any abler person, I beg pardon of him and my reader.”

The Life of Herbert was soon after republished, with those of Donne, Wotton, and Hooker, in a single volume. In the preface to this collection the author remarks :

“For the life of Mr. George Herbert, I profess it to be a free-will offering, and writ chiefly to please myself; but not without respect to posterity, for though he was not a man that the next age can forget, yet many of his particular acts and virtues might have been neglected, or lost, if I had not collected and presented them to the imitation of those that shall succeed us : for I conceive writing to be both a safer and truer preserver of men’s virtuous actions than tradition.”

Among the congratulatory poems prefixed,

in accordance with the publishing fashion of the age, to this collection, are some verses by Samuel Woodford, afterwards Prebendary of Winchester. They contain a pleasing allusion to our poet.

“Herbert and Donne again are join’d,
Now here below, as they’re above ;
These friends are in their old embraces twin’d,
And since by you the interview’s design’d,
Too weak, to part them, Death does prove ;
For, in this book they meet again, as in one heaven
they love.”

Walton’s Life was first printed with Herbert’s Poems in 1674, when the tenth edition of “The Temple” appeared. In the following year, the collected Lives were reprinted. Charles Cotton the author of the Second Part of The Complete Angler, printed in 1676, addressed a congratulatory poem to his old friend, “my father Walton,” as he delighted to call him, on the occasion. The following lines have an especial interest for us :

The meek and learned Hooker too, almost
In the Church's ruins overwhelm'd and lost,
Is, by your pen, recover'd from his dust.

And Herbert :—he whose education,
Manners, and parts, by high applauses blown,
Was deeply tainted with ambition ;

And fitted for a court, made that his aim ;
At last, without regard to birth or name,
For a poor country cure does all disclaim ;

Where with a soul, compos'd of harmonies,
Like a sweet swan, he warbles as he dies,
His Maker's praise, and his own obsequies.

Another allusion to Herbert is found in the Latin ode by his friend, the Rev. James Duport,* prefixed to the fifth edition of the *Complete Angler*. We quote from the elegant translation by the Rev. James Tate, a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's Cathedral, printed in the Rev. Dr. Zouch's *Life of Walton* :

While Hooker, philosophic sage,
Becomes the wonder of your page,

* V., p. 58.

Or while we see combined in one
The Wit and the Divine in Donne,
Or while the Poet and the Priest,
In Herbert's sainted form confest,
Unfold the temple's holy maze
That awes and yet invites our gaze :
Worthies these of pious name
From your portraying pencil claim
A second life, and strike anew
With fond delight the admiring view.

In 1678 Walton published the Life of Dr. Robert Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, the last of his inimitable series of biographies. Well has a Church Poet, a worthy successor of George Herbert, William Wordsworth, written, that

There are no colors in the fairest sky
So fair as these ; the feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an Angel's wing. With moistened eye,
We read of faith and purest charity,
In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen.
Oh, could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die !
Methinks their very Names shine still and bright,
Apart—like glow-worms in the woods of spring,
Or lonely tapers shooting far a light

That guides and cheers—or seen like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring,
Around meek WALTON's heavenly memory.

On the ninth of August, 1683, Izaak Walton, “being this present day in the neinty-eth yeare of my age and in perfect memory, for wich praysed be God,” made his will. It is sealed with the seal presented to him by Dr. Donne, of Our Saviour crucified on an anchor. On the fifteenth of the following December, “during the time of the great frost,” the good old man closed his long, useful, and happy life. He was buried in Winchester Cathedral, where his tombstone may still be seen, set in the pavement of a quiet side chapel; a beautiful and appropriate resting-place. We may well apply to this simple slab the fine lines of the poet Crashaw's “Epitaph upon Mr. Ashton.”

The modest front of this small floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can,—
“Here lies a truly honest man.”

Few distinguished men have been as much indebted to their biographers as George Herbert to Izaak Walton. The poet lives by his admirer's portraiture almost as much as by his own sweet verses. By the aid of the "honest chronicler," we admire and revere the man as well as the poet.

We meet with a fine tribute to the celestial verse of Herbert in "Steps to the Temple," a collection of Poems, by Richard Crasshaw, a poet whom we have already had occasion to mention, first published in 1646. The title of this work seems to show that its author wished to be regarded as an admirer and follower of the author of *The Temple*.

ON MR. G. HERBERT'S BOOK,
ENTITLED, "THE TEMPLE OF SACRED POEMS," SENT TO A
GENTLEWOMAN.

Know you, fair, on what you look?
Divinest love lies in this book,
Expecting fire from your eyes,
To kindle this His sacrifice.

When your hands untie these strings,
 Think you've an angel by the wings ;
 One that gladly will be nigh
 To wait upon each morning sigh,
 To flutter in the balmy air
 Of your well perfumèd prayer.
 These white plumes of His he'll lend you,
 Which every day to heaven will send you ;
 To take acquaintance of the sphere,
 And all the smooth-faced kindred there.
 And though Herbert's name do owe
 These devotions, fairest, know
 That while I lay them on the shrine
 Of your white hand, they are mine.

During the 18th century, Herbert, in common with most of the writers of his time, was almost forgotten. There is a curious evidence of this in a passage in the Rev. Dr. Joseph Warton's Essay on the Genius and Character of Pope. Referring to the well-known verses by that author, commencing,

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
 he says :

"There is a close and surprising resemblance between this Ode of Pope and one of a very obscure and justly forgotten rhymers

of the age of Charles II., namely, Thomas Flatman, from whose dunghill, as well as from the dregs of Crashaw, of Carew, of Herbert and others (for it is well known he was a great reader of all these poets), Pope has very judiciously collected gold."

The extract shows that Pope knew where to seek for treasure, and that his taste is more to be commended than that of his commentator. It is, however, only of recent years that Herbert has recovered his proper position in our literature. Even so late as 1818 we find a critic of nice ear and acknowledged taste as well as the author of noble lyrics, Thomas Campbell, in his *Specimens of English Poetry*, dismissing *The Temple* with a brief and almost discourteous sentence.

One of the first, in time and merit, to do justice to George Herbert, was Samuel Taylor Coleridge. His notes on *The Temple*, appended to Mr. Pickering's edition, are marked by sympathy and appreciation as well as

his wonted critical power, and he finely remarks, in *The Friend* :

“ Having mentioned the name of Herbert, that model of a man, a gentleman and a clergyman, let me add, that the quaintness of his thoughts, not of his diction, than which nothing can be more pure, manly, and unaffected, has blinded modern readers to the great general merit of his poems, which are, for the most part, exquisite in their kind.”

Another noble poet, the grandest of female writers, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, has paid a brief but emphatic tribute to our author. In a rapid review of many of the great names of the time of Elizabeth and James, she presents “ Herbert with his face as the face of a spirit, dimly bright.”*

Mr. Pickering’s reprint, in 1836, of Herbert’s prose and poetry, was an acceptable service to his reputation. Other editions of

* Papers on the English Poets, published in the London Athenæum for 1842.

the Poetical Works, edited by the Rev. Robert Aris Willmott and the Rev. George Gillan, have since been published. An illustrated copy of *The Temple* appeared in 1856. It is the most beautiful tribute a sister art has yet bestowed upon our poet. In addition to numerous landscapes and imaginative designs, we find the pages decorated with delicately sketched boughs and garlands, so that *The Temple* is presented, in happy harmony with the gift-book purpose of the edition, as if "dressed for Christmas."

The portraits of George Herbert have all been copied from the engraved head prefixed to an early edition of his poems. This was executed by Robert White, an artist celebrated for the excellence of his work and accuracy of his likenesses. Many of these were drawn from the life with crayons upon vellum; but this could not have been the case with Mr. Herbert's, as the artist was not born until 1645. The original drawing or paint-

ing from which his work is copied is not known.

Bemerton has, as we have seen, changed but little since Mr. Herbert's day. Two of its later incumbents have contributed to maintain its literary reputation. John Norris is generally quoted as Norris of Bemerton. He was born in 1657, was educated at Oxford, and became a Fellow of All Souls' College about 1681. He was ordained in 1684, and appointed rector of Bemerton in 1691. He was the author of several philosophical works of the Platonic or ideal school, and died at Bemerton, worn out it is said with excessive study, in 1711.

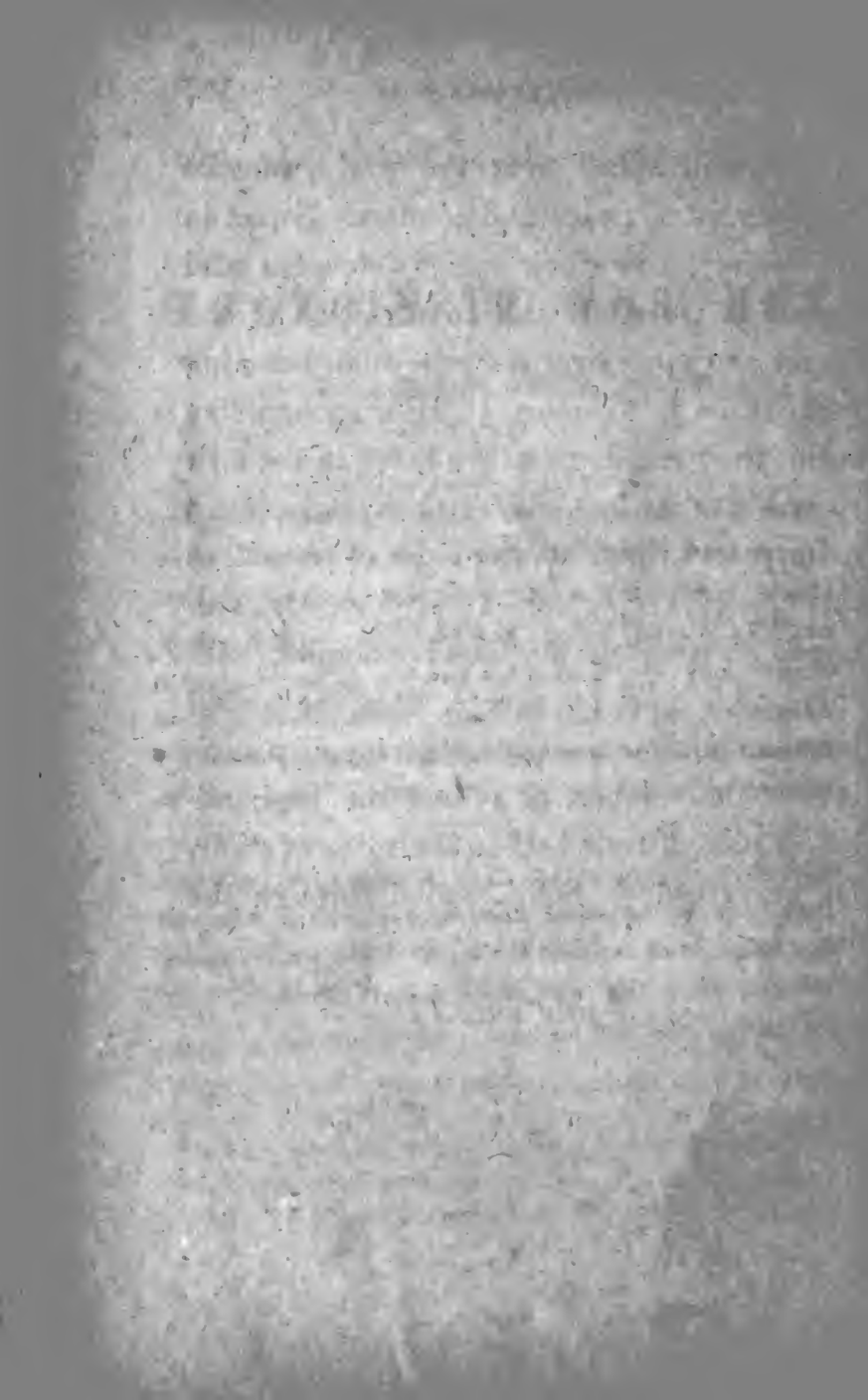
William Coxe became the successor of Herbert in 1788. This voluminous writer was born in London in 1747. He received a Fellowship in King's College, Cambridge, in 1768. He made an extensive tour through Europe with Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke, from whom he afterwards ob-

tained the living of Bemerton, and published several volumes on these and his subsequent continental travels. He wrote histories of the House of Austria, and of the Bourbon Kings of Spain, each in three large volumes; the Lives of the Duke of Marlborough and Sir Robert Walpole, with other large and elaborate works. In 1805 he became Archdeacon of Wilts. He died at Bemerton in 1828.

We have followed the career of George Herbert from the cradle to the grave, and traced his reputation from its birth to its present ripeness. The one is the limited record of thirty-four years passed in the narrow bounds of an University and a village, the other spreads over two centuries, and follows the broad path of the English language around the world. The dust has returned to dust; even the stone of the sepulchre has been hid from sight by subsequent chancel alterations, but the author still lives, for his "winged

words" still speed over the world, angelic messengers of peace and comfort. Sweet in themselves, how their melody deepens and ripens as we study the countenance of the singer and muse over the pure soul, beaming forth in its fair serenity! How anthem-like seems the "Sunday," as we listen in the sick room on that last day "most pure, most calm, most bright," to the tones of tremulous lute and quavering voice! How gently, with mind stored with this good example, with these melodious utterances, does the united harmony fill our thoughts, "giving us pause" in our daily labor, as of old the husbandman's plough rested when the tones of "Mr. Herbert's Saint's bell" floated through the air.

THE END.



THE BOY MISSIONARY.

BY MRS. JENNY MARSH PARKER.

THE BOY MISSIONARY is one of the best things the Church Book Society has given us in a long while. The idea is, to show how a poor little boy—weak, sickly, and not able to study much—may have the spirit of a missionary, and may, among his fellows, do the work of a missionary, too, even in boyhood ; while others, of more brilliant parts and more commanding social position, look forward to missionary life as something future and far distant, and find their days brought to an end before their work is even begun. The authoress, Jenny Marsh Parker, shows no small knowledge of boy nature, and the temptations incident to the life of boys in a country village. Davie Hall will make many missionaries, both for the Far West and for home.—*Church Journal*.

Lives of the Bishops.

BY THE REV. J. N. NORTON.

18MO. EACH VOLUME EMBELLISHED WITH A STEEL PORTRAIT.



NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The Church Book Society adds four more to the list of *Lives of the Bishops* of the Church of America, prepared by the Rev. John N. Norton, of Kentucky. They are those of Seabury, Moore of Virginia, Hobart, and Philander Chase. In all these Mr. Norton's vigorous and racy style of writing is strongly marked. He has a cordial sympathy with the best points in each one of these noble Bishops, and brings it forward in the way most certain to win the love of the young and tender-hearted reader. He never compromises the true principles of the Church, and never gives them such undue or offensive prominence as would be likely to provoke opposition; but, on the contrary, gathers about them the kindest associations with names honored for other reasons in the Church. There is no *partyism* soiling these pages. The divisions of party, which more or less obscured, in these Bishops, the beauty of their character, while the walls of their life were in building, have long since been brushed away by the hand of death. Standing at our present distance from the brethren who have gone before, we can see the beautiful unity in which

CRITICAL NOTICES.

their labors were really blended, much better, perhaps, than they themselves when on earth. It is in this admirable spirit that Mr. Norton has worked. Whether, with Seabury, receiving the apostolate on that cold, misty November morning in an upper room at Aberdeen, and laying the apostolic foundation in Connecticut and at our General Convention; or with Moore, in his marked conversion, and his powerful preaching, turning the hearts of hundreds to God, at St. Andrew's and St. Stephen's, and in the length and breadth of the Old Dominion, building up once more into life what had well-nigh crumbled into the dust of death; or with Hobart, fighting the controversial battles of the Church, and, like a wise master-builder, laying the foundations of the General Theological Seminary, the Church Book Society, and enlisting the power of the periodical press, guiding the great parish of Trinity Church, and building up his vast diocese during his episcopate of nineteen years to more than *five times* its size when he was consecrated, leaving everywhere the indelible stamp of his own noble character; or with Philander Chase at the North and the South and the East and the far West—in Connecticut, New York, New Orleans, Ohio, Illinois, England, everywhere begging, preaching, building, and leaving monuments of his pioneer labors that shall last to all time, especially as the founder—who else can say the same?—of two *Church Colleges*, both on a firm basis, and both going on from strength to strength; with all these Mr. Norton is equally in love, equally at home, equally interesting to his readers. He has wisely preserved in his pages many of the *piquant* personal anecdotes and pithy sayings, and many of the touches of humor, that warmed the converse of those noble Bishops, and which will endear them still more to the human

CRITICAL NOTICES.

instincts of all. These lives of the Bishops should be *household books* in the families of all Churchmen everywhere throughout the land.

Each volume is handsomely gotten up, with very nice firm paper, neat colored binding, and a very fine and delicately executed steel engraving. The portraits alone are well worth the whole price of the books.

Another pleasing fact concerning these books, is, that they are published without any expense to the Society for the stereotypes and engravings. The Life of Seabury is given by the Sunday School of St. Paul's Church, New Haven; that of Moore by the Sunday Schools of St. Andrew's, Staten Island (of which he was for 20 years rector), and St. John's, Waterbury, Conn.; that of Hobart, by the Sunday Schools of Trinity Parish, New York; and that of Chase, by the liberality of a "Missionary at the West." —*Church Journal*.

The author has done an important work for the Church in these volumes, and done it with great attractions of style and great fidelity to truth.—*Banner of the Cross*.

The peculiarities of the author's style, his extreme conciseness, combined with the most remarkable clearness and purity, seem to be just adapted to the work he has taken in hand. Besides, he manifests a delicate appreciation of the leading points in the character of each one of the eminent men whom he has portrayed. The result is a series of biographies which for brevity, point, completeness, and vigor, are unsurpassed in the language. They will doubtless retain a permanent place in English literature.—*Louisville Journal*.

LIVES OF THE BISHOPS.

BY THE REV. JOHN N. NORTON, A. M.,

Rector of the Church of the Ascension, Frankfort, Kentucky.

We have just received two more of these charming and model biographies. Bishop Dehon, of South Carolina, and Bishop Gadsden, of the same diocese, are the subjects of these two volumes. It is very high praise to say that Mr. Norton has elaborated these volumes with even more care than either of the preceding, and that the result is a more finished and delightful composition. We have called this entire series, so far as it has gone, model biographies, and we hope that they will become such. They are just such graphic and faithful portraitures of distinguished men as, in all but a very few exceptional cases, should supersede the heavy octavos, sometimes of several volumes, that are customarily devoted to a single life. As this author has well said, "Such a multitude of good and useful men have lived and labored in the world, that we can not well afford the time to read long biographies of them all." The peculiar merit of Mr. Norton in this series is, that he not only presents us with all the facts that are worthy of record in a very brief space, but so clothes those facts, in that marvellously brief narrative, with all their circumstances and associations, as to give the most lively and interesting picture of the man, his work, and his times.

The life of Bishop Gadsden contains a touching notice of the late Rev. John B. Gallagher, who was some time a presbyter in South Carolina. The people of Louisville will long remember with affection and gratitude the man whose soundness in the faith, and exemplary life, and lovely character, so illustrated and advanced the cause of virtue and religion in our city.—*Louisville Journal.*

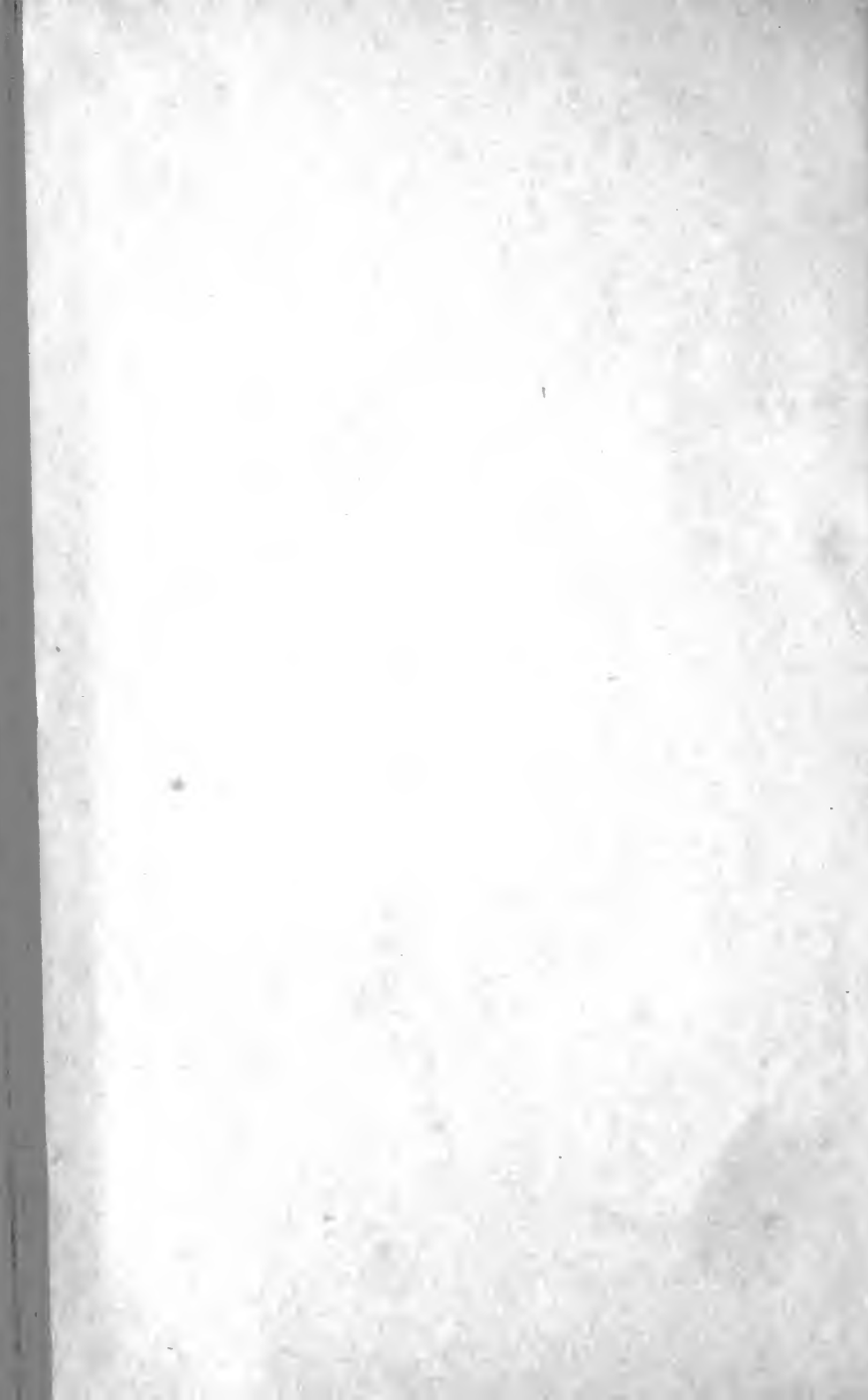
BIOGRAPHY OF THE REV. HENRY MARTYN.

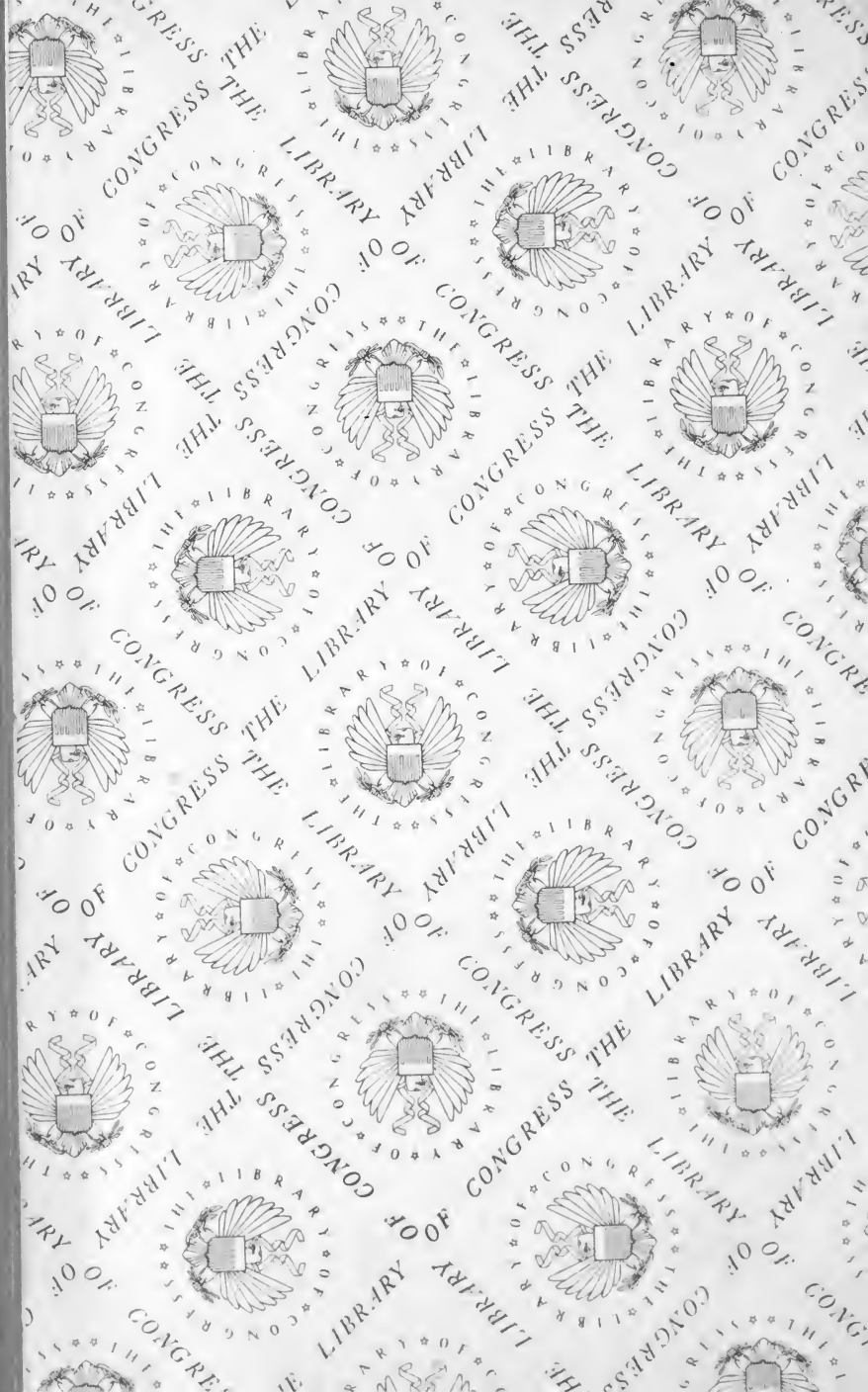
BY THE REV. D. P. SANFORD, M.A.,
OF BROOKLYN.

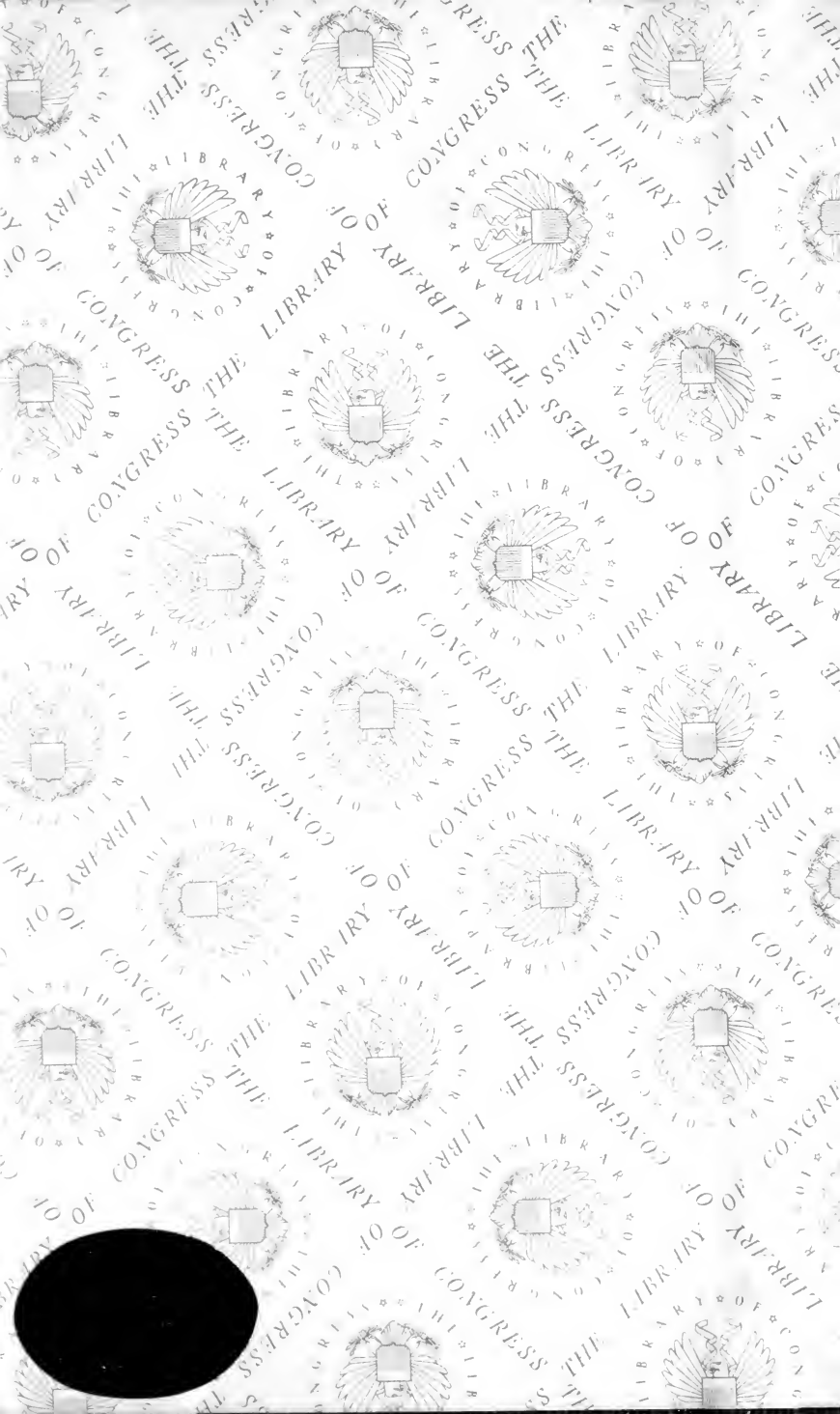
With a Portrait and Illustrations.

THIS work is prepared in a very careful and interesting style. The peculiar warmth, strength, and depth of Martyn's personal experience, with all its sensitiveness, tenderness, and wonderful boldness and energy, are faithfully preserved, and illustrated with copious extracts from his private diary and correspondence. The more church-like features of his character, principles, and practice are not omitted or ignored, as is too commonly the case, but are fairly and truthfully stated. His extraordinary labors in the East—the breaking the soil, and watering the ground with his tears, and sowing the seed of the Word of Life—all this is narrated with genial spirit and patient minuteness, until his life of wondrous youth was crowned by an early death. Martyn, more than any other man, has been the germinant spirit of the missionary enterprise that now distinguishes the Church; and the vast power of his spiritual energy has made itself widely felt among the denominations around us, as well as among ourselves. His name has been music upon ten thousand tongues, and yet breathes fragrance from ten times ten thousand hearts. Mr. Sanford has done the Church a great service in placing so excellent a memoir of such a man on the shelves of our Sunday School libraries, where it will have the best chance to impregnate minds yet fresh and young with the best life of Martyn's singular self-devotion, and gentle, loving, and therefore irresistible, power.









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